Saturday Review

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Johann Wolfgang von Goethe — "... alive at every pore of his skin." (See page 9)

The Goethe Bicentennial

The Man in the Statue

By VICTOR LANGE

What Life Can Be

By CLAUDE HILL

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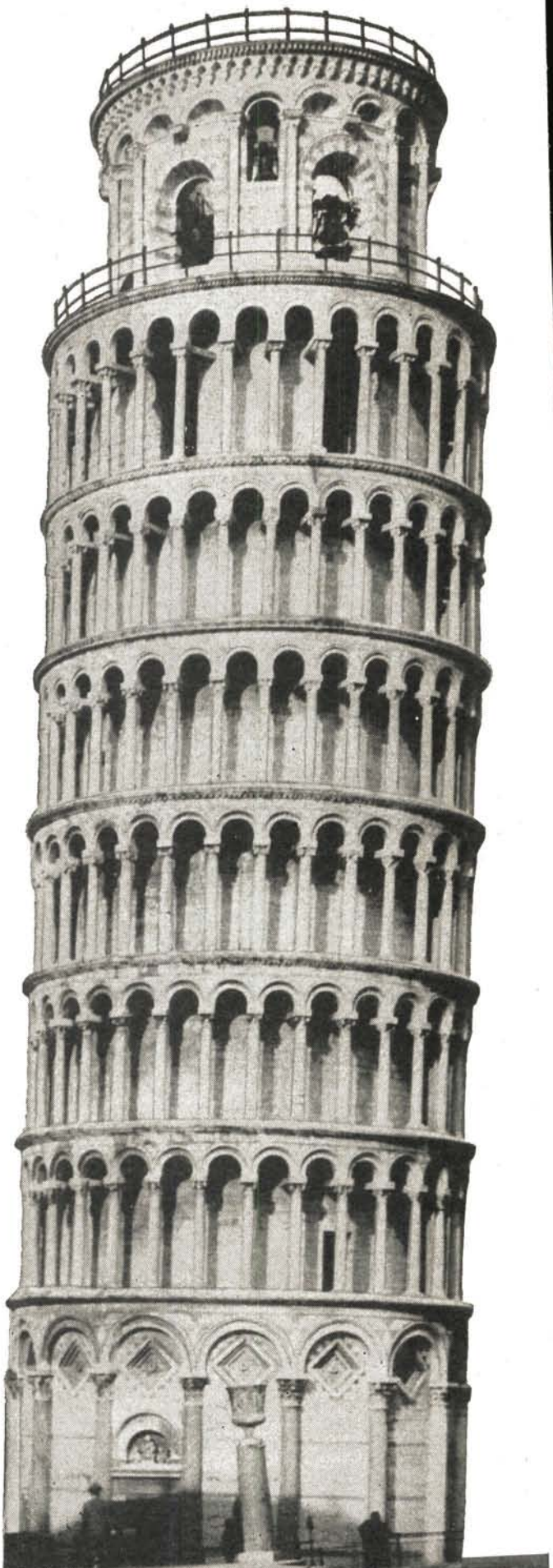

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June 25, 1949

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SCARCELY A SEASON goes by that Broadway does not play host to one or more of the plays of Shakespeare. This year we have had Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet* and Richard Whorf's *Richard III*. In addition there has been *Kiss Me Kate*, which is based, though vaguely, on *The Taming of the Shrew*. Perhaps the only dramatists who could claim to be as successful as Shakespeare are the Greeks, who occasionally make Broadway after 2,200 years. But you will look in vain to find any other playwright who averages some three shows a year with so high a proportion of hits.

SHAKESPEAREAN COMEDY

By THOMAS MARC PARROTT

The tragedies of Shakespeare contain comedy to provide relief from tension and to heighten the suspense of the climax; the comedies sometimes make use of tragedy to add dramatic interest. In his *Shakespearean Comedy*, Mr. Parrott has made the first comprehensive study of Shakespeare's use of comedy in the histories and tragedies as well as in the lighter plays.

Mr. Parrott begins his study by describing the rise of the theater in England, the tradition of comedy in the Miracle plays, the Morality plays, and the playwrights who preceded Shakespeare. He has devoted the body of the book to Shakespeare's plays themselves and to the tracing of his growth as a dramatist from his apprentice days to the philosophical, artistic maturity of *The Tempest*. Using direct references from the texts, Mr. Parrott gives the reader a fresh and broad understanding of the technique and dramatic value of comedy as it was exploited by the master.

One of the particularly interesting features of this book is the discussion of modern presentations of Shakespeare's plays and the contributions of foremost actors to their interpretations. Mr. Parrott, for many years Professor of English at Princeton University, has written a book that will delight Shakespeare enthusiasts as much as it will Shakespeare scholars and actors. *Shakespearean Comedy*, fluent in style and rich in ripened scholarship, reveals on every page the pleasure the author took in writing it. $6.50

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TRADE Winds

THE MOST FASCINATING book I have read this spring is a biography of Briton Hadden, co-founder with Harry Luce of *Time* magazine. It was written by his cousin Noel Busch, an important figure himself in the *Time-Life* scheme of things. He has packed the story of the conception and launching of one of the most successful publishing enterprises of our time with anecdotes and sidelights that should make the eyes of other writers and editors sparkle with delight, and rekindle the fire of latent ambitions in their souls. Busch reminds us all that publishing is a wonderful adventure, if approached with the proper love and equipment!

Both Hadden and Luce were members of the fabulous 1920 class at Yale. Their college mates included Steve and Bill Benét, Thornton Wilder, Archibald MacLeish, Phil Barry, and Donald Ogden Stewart. Down at Columbia in the same period, another collection of future greats was gathered: Oscar Hammerstein, Dick and Morty Rodgers, Herman Mankiewicz, Dick Simon, Max Schuster, Paul Gallico, Howard Dietz, Corey Ford—plus two men who, believe it or not, were the campus radicals: George Sokolsky and Morrie Ryskind. Can any other college point to comparable groups enrolled at the same time? Certainly, Yale and Columbia have never been the same since—and that goes double for Sokolsky and Ryskind! . . .

WHEN THEY WERE graduated from Yale, Luce and Hadden had *Time* so well blueprinted that a June 1949 issue does not deviate more than ten per cent from the first prospectus dated 1922. While they were raising enough cash to float the magazine, Hadden took a temporary job under that great teacher Herbert Bayard Swope, at the *World*. Swope told him there was nothing available when he barged in, but Hadden left him speechless—for the only time on record then or since—by informing him airily, "Mr. Swope, you're interfering with my destiny." . . . Luce, meanwhile, was getting experience on the *Chicago News*, under the knowing eye of Ben Hecht. . . . The money for *Time* dribbled in. Little did original investors dream that $2,500 worth of common stock in 1922 would soar to $100,000 in the space of two decades! . . . The first issue of the magazine was dated March 3, 1923. By 1925, things were going so well for Luce and Hadden that they could afford to help another magazine venture with cash and temporary editorial quarters. The other venture was called *The Saturday Review of Literature*. . . .

For many years, *Time*'s favorite word was "tycoon." Noel Busch says that Hadden heard it first when his grandfather quoted a paragraph from "The Life and Letters of John Hay." Hadden corrected him. "Grandpa," he said, "you don't mean 'tycoon'; you mean 'Ty Cobb'." . . . One of Hadden's indulgences after he became wealthy was a suit made out of asbestos cloth, which enabled him to astound the peasants by extinguishing cigarettes on his coat sleeve or trouser leg. Busch adds, "The novelty, however, wore off with the nap, and he soon discarded it." . . .

Like other success stories, the best part of the Hadden biography is the beginning, when the going was toughest. Men generally become less interesting as their fame and fortune grow. All in all, however, this is a book that anybody who is interested in publishing would be a gosh-awful fool to miss. . . .

AIR TRANSPORT HAS REACHED the stage today where it was no trick at all for me to breakfast on 62nd Street, New York, and lunch at the Pabst Brewery in Milwaukee, with time enough in Cleveland en route to bid Godspeed to Veronica Hutchinson and Anne Udin on their journeys abroad. . . . According to Russell Austin, rising young literary editor of the powerful *Milwaukee Journal*, Captain Pabst loved to man his brewery with hulking fellows who could down incredible quantities of the amber fluid themselves. "You see that fire bucket hanging on the wall?" boasted the Captain to one visitor. "Fritz here can fill that pail with beer and drink it down as you would a glassful. *Nicht wahr*, Fritz?" "*Ja*, Herr Captain," bellowed Fritz, "but would you excuse me just a minute?" He retired momentarily, returned to fill the bucket with foaming brew, and downed it in one long draught. The awe-stricken visitor asked why he had left the room first. "I didn't know for sure could I do it," confessed Fritz, "so I just went outside to try it first!" . . .

Milwaukee has one of the finest public libraries in the country, and its monthly bulletin, edited until recently by Gerald Caffrey, is known for its sprightliness. . . . Leading booksellers include Harry Schwartz, Fred Hampel, and Eleanor Fischer at Des Forges and Company. The Boston Store and Gimbel's also have exceptionally fine book departments. Shirley Poynter at the Boston Store is not only a novelist in her own right, but has mesmerized advertising manager Bob Heinz into putting his raffish life story down on paper. . . . It was in Milwaukee that Ben Barkin told me about the Irish cop named Reilly who was discovered directing traffic in Tel Aviv. Reilly explained happily, "I'm living the life of Cohen." Then Helen Des Jardin bobbed up with the story of a cow who swallowed a bottle of ink and mooed indigo. . . . I spoke to the Advertising Club at the Hotel Plankinton, which is the address General Douglas MacArthur gives as his home, and thereby wound up my speaking chores for the season. Beginning this fall, Lee Keedick will be the exclusive manager of my lecturing activities. Keedick also books the tours of John Mason Brown and Norman Cousins. First thing you know, his name will be on the *SRL* masthead! . . .

IN EARL WILSON'S new collection of funny stories, "Let 'Em Eat Cheese Cake," a bang-up job all the way, he tells of one wandering lecturer who ran into a heap of trouble down San Antonio way. The audience palpably was not pleased, and finally a lanky cowboy planked his six-shooter onto the podium. The speaker's knees buckled. "Cheer up, man," ordered the cowboy. "We ain't aimin' to mess you up a bit. We're after the guy who brought you here!" . . . Irving Hoffman quotes George Jessel, America's Toastmaster General, as saying, "The human brain is a wonderful thing. It starts working the moment you are born, and never stops until you stand up to speak in public." . . . That doesn't apply, of course, to born orators like the inimitable William Jennings Bryan. Bryan, according to another of Earl Wilson's yarns, was campaigning for the Presidency, and came to a small Nebraska town where the Republicans, fearing his tremendous drawing power, had hired all the halls available. Bryan had to speak in an open field. Mounting the nearest farm implement he saw,

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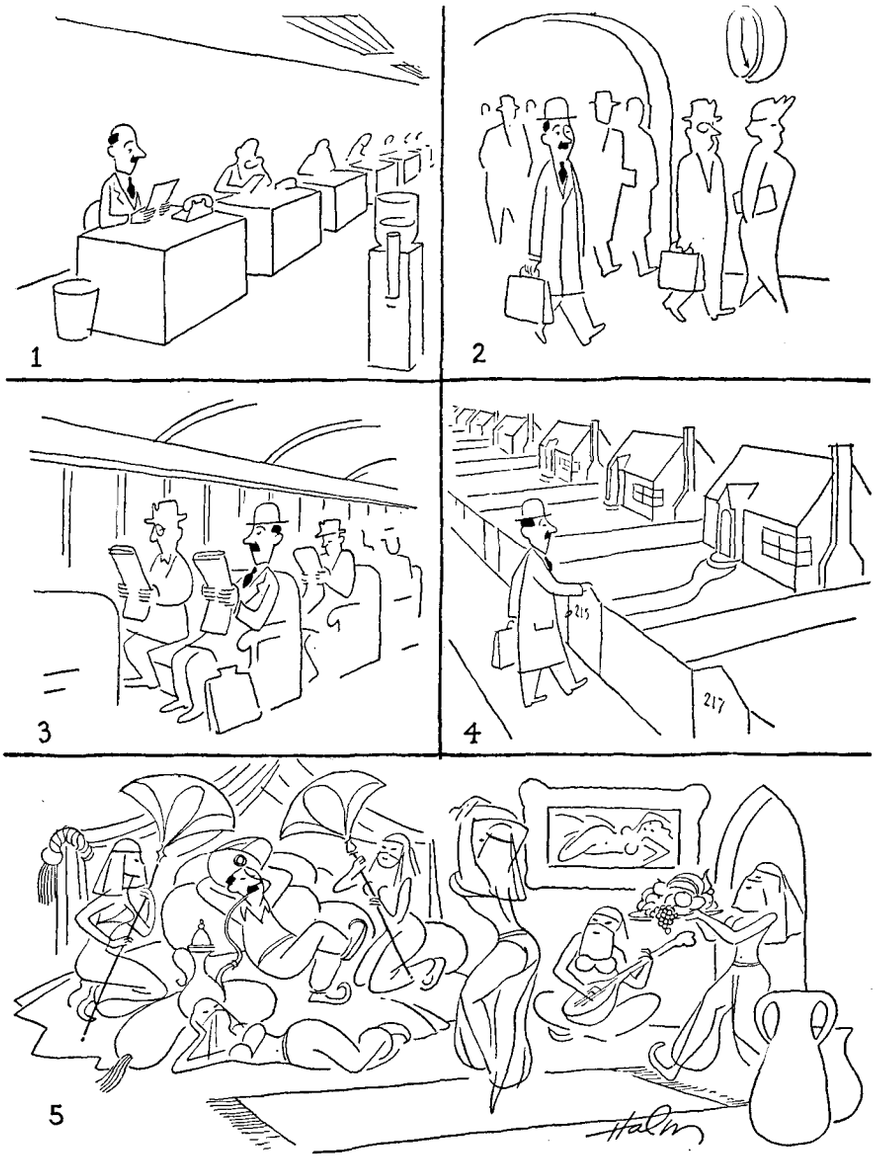

which happened to be a fertilizer spreader, he solemnly proclaimed, "This is the first time I've ever spoken on a Republican platform." . . .

THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB just received a check from a young lady in Boston in payment of a bill for three books: "Revolt in the Desert," "Marching On," and "Giants in the Earth." Appended was a note saying, "Please return the check if this bill is paid." The bill was dated October 24, 1927. The club returned the check as a reward for honesty. Besides, nobody could remember that far back. . . . The Oklahoma City *Oklahoman*, noting the Literary Guild's selection of "The Heat of the Day" and "Prairie Avenue," headlined its story "Guild Takes Knopf." A Guild editor grumbled, "We thought it was the other way round!" . . . Mr. K., incidentally, has announced a new Robert Nathan novel, "The River Journey," for publication in September. . . .Sam Lincoln, of the Book Cellar, 180 Main Street, Brattleboro, Vermont, is selling some of the best maple syrup you ever tasted at six dollars a gallon jug. . . .

THE NAME OF Laura Hobson's new novel will be "The Other Father." After serialization in *Cosmopolitan* it will be published by S & S in spring 1950. . . . Ernest Hemingway has taken time out from his long-awaited new novel to do a piece on his favorite sport, big-game fishing in the Gulf Stream, for the July issue of *Holiday*. . . .

HAROLD ROSS, a coltish fifty-five, has ordained that only codgers over sixty may be referred to as "old" in future issues of *The New Yorker*. . . . Fred Melcher, editor of *Publishers' Weekly*, who is seventy and proud of it, is living testimony to the fact that Ross has set his sights too low. Asked for the secret of his amazing vitality, Fred quoted the credo of 100-year-old Squire Higgins: "When I works, I works easy. When I sits, I sits loose. And when I worries—I sleeps!"

—BENNETT CERF.

STUPENDOUS!

The novel by

KARL VOLLMOELLER

THE LAST MIRACLE

"By the late Karl Vollmoeller, author of the celebrated pantomime, 'The Miracle,' this is a long romance . . . a story of miracles and adventures, of most worldly conduct by those wearing the garments of unworldliness, of true sanctity in unexpected persons and places. . . .

"Mr. Vollmoeller has made a successful novel of this story of a young novice who fled her convent. . . . Readers are here offered entertainment in which kings and other men of wealth and position fight for the love of a singer who later became a saint."

New York Times Book Review

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DUELL, SLOAN and PEARCE

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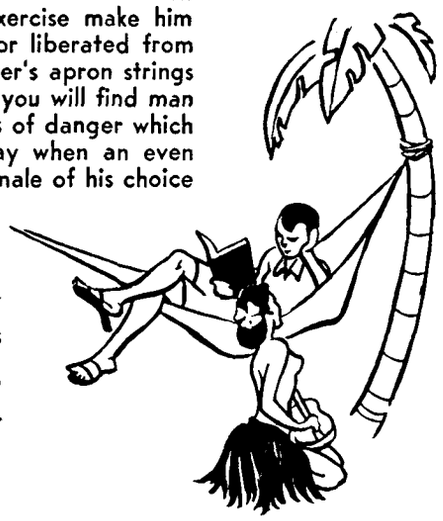
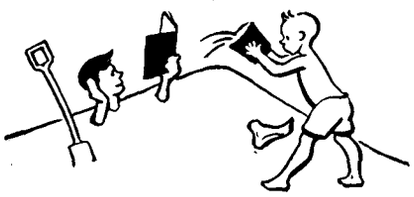
Summer is the season when man redresses the balance between the sexes. Long hours of arduous exercise make him lean and hard and brown while junior liberated from kindergarten seizes the reins of mother's apron strings with a firm hand and guides her in the service of man. Below you will find man once more master of his fate engaged in the traditional sports of danger which have made him attractive to his weaker mate since that day when an even browner and hairier-chested ancestor dragged the giggling female of his choice to the top of a tree.

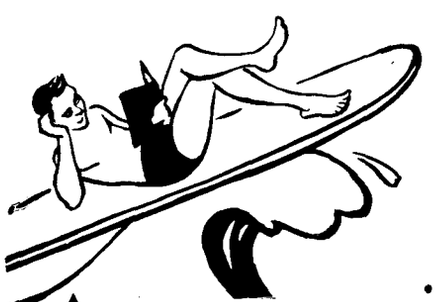


Here with the hackles on his bosom rising, he threads his way through Washington spy rings — his eye upon the last best hope of man, his nerve of stainless steel, his mind diamond hard, his hand as steady as the Prudential's Gibralter, he reads **A DIPLOMATIC INCIDENT (by Judith Kelly, $2.75)** while danger lurks at his very feet



This man had better have a good long and meaty narrative. Junior is going to forget, of course, where it was he buried him. He won't notice the approaching tide if he's feinting with a Fascist adversary as a government hangs in the balance during **"REVOLT IN SAN MARCOS" (by Robert Carver North, $3.95).**

Here the shrewd countryman bests his neighbor with rye and humorous phrase, hunts the partridge in the upland thicket while woman and trout alike wait the shy lowering of an eyelid over his eye of piercing blue. He reads **Ben Ames Williams's FRATERNITY VILLAGE ($3.00)** and the village itself is not a mile down the river in the hills of Maine.



This bland and well-balanced individual is memorizing a recipe for sea-clam pie with which he hopes to dazzle a kitchen-full of guests — very steady guests since he took to reading **CAPE COD SUMMER (by Eleanor Early, $3.00).** His wife will never forgive him if it turns out as well as his chowder or his murder story (from the same source).

A "Former Naval Person" himself, this bold navigator steers the ship of state through dangerous water — wise, resourceful, pitying but unflinching he meets the hazards as they come. He's reading **THEIR FINEST HOUR (by Winston Churchill, $6.00,** a best seller since publication) and saves the world.

Here, despite appearances, the cayuse bucks as bullets fluff the dust beneath his hooves for our rider is reading **FIDDLEFOOT (by Luke Short, $2.50)** a six-shootin' Western. He holds another, **THE BANDIT TRAIL (by William MacLeod Raine, $2.50)** in reserve in his saddle-bag.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Man in the Statue

VICTOR LANGE

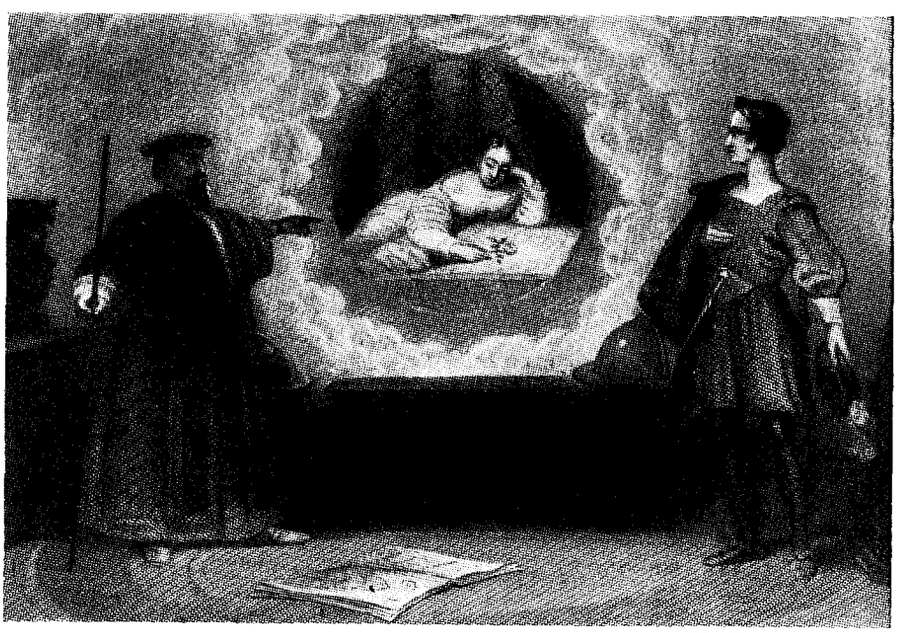
WITHOUT the reminder that 200 years have elapsed since Goethe's birth, would we today be turning to his work, would we be rereading "Werther" or "Faust" or the great poems of the "Divan"? Possibly not, for the reputation of the poet of Weimar for some time now has been quite dim: if we follow the literary fashions we may repeat T. S. Eliot's haughty strictures upon Goethe; if we are scientists we are apt to think it unlikely that a man whose attacks upon Newton were so clearly absurd could be reliable and promising in other respects; and if we know his poetic manner only through Bayard Taylor's translation of "Faust" we may well despair of recognizing greatness behind this sound but all too Victorian translation.

Yet there are indications in many quarters that Goethe has again aroused the enthusiasm of lively and distinguished critics. This is so not only in Germany, where Goethe's personality has never ceased to stir the imagination and where "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister" have become prototypes for a special kind of philosophical drama and fiction; French, English, and Russian writers alike are once again turning their attention to Goethe. The list of recently released studies is long and impressive; several American publications deserve the interest not only of the specialist but of the general reader. In many of our universities Goethe celebrations are being held this year; the Library of Congress will soon open an incomparably rich exhibition of Goetheana; and, two days after this is published, the Goethe Bicentennial Convocation at Aspen will bring together scholars from all parts of the world to concern themselves with the significance of Goethe's achievement for our time.

What nearly all these efforts have in common is the feeling that for one reason or another the valid essence of Goethe—the "Permanent Goethe" as Thomas Mann rather grandly chooses to call it—deserves to be rediscovered, and that the first thing to do is to move him out of the deceptively decorative light in which the Victorians were wont to see him. It is difficult to agree on how much or how little we have in common with the beliefs of the nineteenth century; we are certainly closer to the attitudes of the eighteenth century, of which Goethe was altogether the most impressive representative. The worshipful and uncritical respect with which many today are inclined to approach Goethe rests to a large extent upon the fatal assumption so characteristic of the European (and American) society of the last century that the poet was the guardian of truth and beauty among men who were too energetically preoccupied elsewhere to pay more than lip service to matters of the spirit. To Carlyle, to Matthew Arnold, and to the American critics from Emerson to Calvin Thomas, Goethe served as the conspicuous representative of the "poetic" temperament in an antipoetical world—a world in which pragmatic success and transcendental idealism had entered into a respectable though infertile union.

THE term "poetic" is here used in the loosest sense, for in reality it is not the poet but the sage that has been admired in Goethe, and in the ever-shifting traffic of minds it is the peculiar fate of sages to be respectfully removed from the main thoroughfare and to be elevated to the inoffensive neutrality of a statue in the park. If Goethe's personality has seemed to some pompous and incredibly serene, it may be that they have taken the statue for the man.

The central qualities which are usually found in Goethe's work—the variety of his interests, skills, and insights, and the judicious balance of



—*The Bettmann Archive.*

Goethe's television set—Faust sees "Helena, the most beautiful woman on earth," in a magic mirror.

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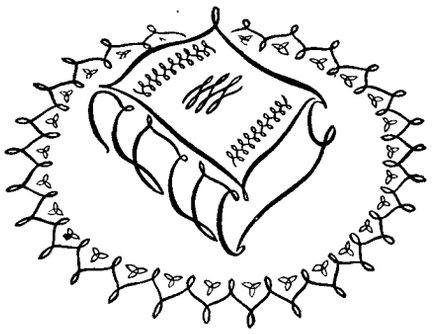
his thinking—have assured him a certain obvious and lasting distinction. Yet, this "universality" and this "harmony" were not easily won. If we regard his personality and his work in their inextricable relationship closely, we may marvel not so much at the unified end-product that emerges, for instance, from Eckermann's "Conversations," as at the diversity of its component parts. And as we discover the elements of his long life with its countless human associations, its tremendous productivity, its enormous range of personal and historical experiences, we must ask what it was that could possibly have held it all together.

Goethe is not, when we compare him with Dante, Cervantes, Racine, or Shakespeare, either as a man or an artist, a clearly profiled figure. The young man, the middle-aged, and the old; the author of the most moving German poetry, of romantic and classical plays and novels, of significant philosophical and scientific writings; the tireless correspondent and the talker—it is nearly impossible to survey all these in one sweep or to find a measure of coherence that is immediately plausible. Perhaps we would be unjust not only to Goethe but to ourselves if we were to attempt it. The most attractive virtue of the modern critic is, after all, his selectivity of focus; it would be best for us to inquire into those aspects of Goethe which, in the light of our own intellectual needs, seem particularly relevant. We must not dwell on the commonplace that Goethe is a poet of universal scope; by using this phrase we shall not remove him from that vaguely defined no-man's-land of respectability in which he has for so long remained.

TO GERMAN readers Goethe continues, of course, to offer national and historical meanings of considerable importance. For them he has been the great emancipator. By assimilating in his person and work the diverse intellectual tendencies of his age, and by establishing a poetic idiom which was both native and vigorously original, he strengthened the energies of national self-definition and confirmed at the same time that competitive individualism which became so characteristic of the age of German idealism. He is, as Arnold said, the "manifest center" of German literature, even though—depending upon the predominance of nationalistic or cosmopolitan tendencies in his critics —his exuberance or his discipline, his *Sturm und Drang* or his classicism were alternately emphasized. German Goethe scholarship is today far less parochial than it has been for a long time; it is also less inclined towards accepting without serious scrutiny the view of the universal Goethe. Karl Jaspers has dared in a widely debated speech to question the per-



tinence of many of Goethe's values, and the usefulness of turning to him for guidance in the dilemma of our own age, an age which in so many respects cannot be compared to his. No doubt this skeptical view, whether acceptable or not in detail, reflects the critical mood of a generation which has been compelled by the tragic accidents of history to demand the password from all who may approach to offer help.

To ask the great of the past for advice on the immediate decisions of the present is not often profitable; the practice of establishing historical parallels is usually only an entertaining and sometimes a downright dangerous game. That Goethe admired Napoleon does not make him a Fascist; that he recognized the advantages of a future Panama Canal does not make him a prophet of the technological age; that he held social views which were patriarchal and conservative need not invalidate him in the eyes of our progressives. What matters is that within a cultural context that differs in essential details from our own he recognized fundamental tensions and conflicts inherent in any human group. His view of the nature of man determined his conception of society. It is well to recognize that his assumption of a homogeneous culture, of a civilization essentially intact and rational in its operation, enabled him to entertain hopes for a creature whom he considered able to cope with life perhaps by persuasion but hardly by nature.

Goethe's conception of man was not unduly optimistic, but his faith in the civilizing effect of culture was profound and unshakable. Every mature work of his—"Tasso," "Iphigenia," "Wilhelm Meister," "Hermann and Dorothea," "Elective Affinities," even the second part of "Faust"—testifies to this. Perhaps a generation that has experienced the radical collapse of most traditional forms of living cannot quite share Goethe's trust in the stability of physical or spiritual institutions. Even those who agree with Goethe's emphasis upon our obligation to prescriptive social values may miss in him the zeal of the reformer. Much of his life was, of course, devoted to practical political reform and the application of his resolute intelligence to the innumerable demands of his duties as administrator and adviser to the Duke of Weimar. But there was nothing speculative or utopian in his social philosophy; his efforts were always directed towards the articulation and not the modification of a pattern of culture which, though far from static, had nevertheless proved to be remarkably stable and coherent.

Yet we need only to read Goethe's "Autobiography," one of the wisest of all books, to recognize in that carefully assembled panorama of a significant life his respect for the interplay between the traditional institutions of culture and the enterprising individual—a delicate balance, to be sure, and one not to be confused either with the optimistic social philosophy of the earlier eighteenth century or the spirit of indubitable material progress in the nineteenth. Indeed, what gives Goethe's social thought its dynamic quality is his sense of the precariousness of human life, and of the threat which man forever encounters from the elemental and easily overwhelming forces of nature.

CERTAINLY among the major German poets, Goethe is the first to transcend the idyllic conception of nature and the first to recognize it as essentially demonic. From the "Sorrows of Werther" to the little-known but superb "Novelle," this tension between the subversive forces of nature and the tentative effort of man to maintain his reflective and productive self is the central theme in Goethe's work. I say tentative because neither reason nor feeling, neither power nor any of the other modes of salvation offered by his own or the subsequent century has seemed sufficient to Goethe to cope completely with the conflict between nature and culture. In Faust, Goethe's Everyman, responsibility and eccentricity, self-love and universal love are intricately related, but they are never wholly reconciled. It is a superficial though common interpretation to suggest that Faust's salvation is earned by that "perpetual striving" which seemed so plausible to the German temper of the romantic and post-romantic era and which supplied one of the main reasons for regarding "Faust" as a national poem. Faust does not "de-

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serve" his elevation; indeed, in a sense, he dare not hope to be saved at all. What Goethe gives us at the end of that splendid second part of the drama is an imaginative representation of ultimate paradox: *"das Unbeschriebliche, hier ist's getan."* This conclusion has in it something of the supreme intellectual irony of which Goethe the poet was a consummate master. But however well considered it may be, it is too esoteric and speculative to serve us as a workable social philosophy. "Faust" will not teach us how to live; we can only recognize in its magnificent poetic figuration the fundamental conflicts which stir our lives.

On man and society Goethe is more explicit though not perhaps as impressive. In such anthropological and sociological writings as the "Italian Journey" and "Poetry and Truth" there is a carefully blended mixture of subjective and objective impulses that anticipates, in their precise and intelligently observed detail and their skilful, cautious generalization, an attitude which we shall find again among a later generation of intellectual historians—Lecky, Renan, Burckhardt. Above all in his pedagogical fiction, especially in the two novels dealing with Wilhelm Meister's career, Goethe elaborates an unambiguous humanistic philosophy that rests, among other things, on a characteristic trust in secular education. It was "Wilhelm Meister," which won Carlyle's wholehearted respect for Goethe and which, more than any other work of Goethe's, was responsible for the English and American Goethe cult of the mid-nineteenth century. For better or for worse, it has supplied the narrative pattern for a long succession of autobiographical novels of ideas.

It may be that "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" is not the kind of work that appeals to our time. It assumes a world that is intact, and it presupposes an active and possibly excessive faith in the ultimate efficacy of individual effort. In terms of our own somewhat more problematical convictions we will find the later novels, "Elective Affinities" and "Wilhelm Meister's Travels," more congenial, and when they again become available in readable translations we shall discover their poetic and intellectual freshness. They are so remarkably modern that it is scarcely surprising that the nineteenth century was made uncomfortable by their mixture of decorum and supernatural allegory, of deliberate design and, as it seemed, unforgivable intrusions of narrative whims and discursive reflections. Today,

(*Continued on page* 39)

Belles-Lettres. *It is traditional in academic circles to declare that there is scarcely a university in the land that does not have a member of its German department writing on "Goethe und—" and someone in its English department examining the works of Shakespeare in a new light. Several of this week's new books suggest that the observation is more than facetious. The three Goethe volumes reviewed by Professor Claude Hill are, of course, part of the large body of work being issued this year to commemorate the bicentennial of the great poet; but they manifest also the perennial devotion to the Sage of Weimar. In the Shakespearean field, too, fresh approaches are profitably applied:* viz., *T. M. Parrott's search for comedy in the Bard and J. I. M. Stewart's consideration of the psychological motivation of his characters.*

What Life Can Be

GOETHE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY: Poetry and Truth—From My Own Life. By Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Translated by R. O. Moon. Washington: Public Affairs Press. 700 *pp.* $5.

GOETHE: Wisdom and Experience. Selections by Ludwig Curtius. Translated and edited by Hermann J. Weigand. New York: Pantheon Books: 299 *pp.* $3.75.

GOETHE: The Story of a Man. By Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. Vol. I, 456 *pp. Vol. II,* 473 *pp.* $10.

By Claude Hill

HOW much America's culture has come of age is being revealed by the impressive preparations for Goethe's bicentennial this year. When these lines appear in print some of the most illustrious men of our time will be assembling in the Colorado mountains at Aspen to pay tribute to one of the most magnificent minds of the Western World. The greatest humanitarian of our generation, Albert Schweitzer, of French-Africa, philosophers like Ortega y Gasset, of Spain, and writers like Thornton Wilder, of the United States, are scheduled to join in the discussions. Only Thomas Mann, Goethe's legitimate literary heir, will be missing while he is representing the country of his adoption in several lectures on "Goethe and Democracy" before European audiences this summer. There are few colleges and universities which have not held or are not planning to hold a Goethe celebration this year. And there are many among the publishers who are bringing out at least one volume by or about the immortal German poet. Mann's noble and useful "Permanent Goethe" (Dial Press) of last year was followed by Biermann's loving and careful "Goethe's World" (New Directions). The latest batch of valuable Goetheana, issued during the past few weeks, includes a new translation of the autobiographical "Poetry and Truth," an anthology of prose maxims and words of wisdom, and a huge two-volume compilation of biographical material.

—The Bettmann Archive.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe—"touching little notes to his uneducated wife."

Ably translated by R. O. Moon, Goethe's "Poetry and Truth—From My Own Life" covers 700 pages. The book, which ranks with Rousseau's "Confessions," offers a minute description of the gradual unfolding of the mind of an amazing genius. Written—or rather dictated—when Goethe was in his sixties, the autobiography covers the first twenty-six years of the youthful poet and lover: his childhood in Frankfort-on-the-Main, his student years in Leipzig and Strasbourg, convalescence at home, travels to the Rhine valley and Switz-

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erland, law apprenticeship at Wetzlar, and, finally, his appointment as tutor to the young Duke Karl-August at Weimar, where Goethe remained for the rest of his life. It has often been said that writers and artists lead rather dull lives compared with men of action; many unhappy efforts of playwrights to dramatize the story of an author (Dickens for instance) seem to confirm the saying. Goethe, however, was more than just a writer. Administrator, government official, theatre manager, university chancellor, art collector, and accomplished scholar in various fields, he was, generally speaking, more interested in life than in art. Nevertheless, it is not the external richness of exciting events that characterizes his autobiography, but the rare charm and un-Teutonic gracefulness of his diction. Although endowed with incredible gifts, versatile, handsome, sensationally successful, the leader in every circle he moved in, he was one of the least pretentious men who ever lived. To a world in which the art of living is constantly being endangered by the doubtful gains of a technological and materialistic age, Goethe's autobiography serves as a reminder of what man's life can be.

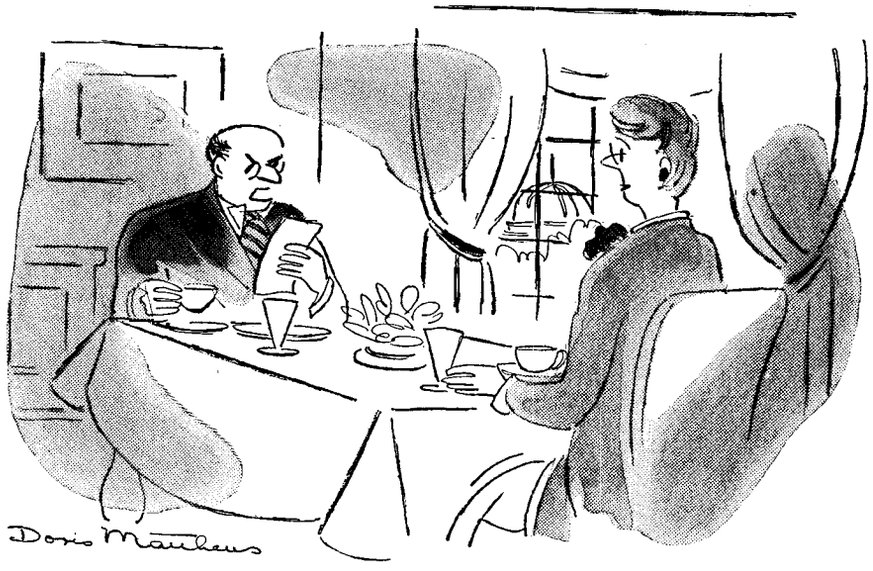
The amazing universality, loftiness, lucidity, intellectual power, and enormous range of Goethe's interests radiate through the pages of a new anthology, published under the title "Wisdom and Experience." Compiled by a German professor, Ludwig Curtius, translated and edited for American readers by Professor Weigand of Yale, this handsome volume endeavors to introduce the layman to Goethe's philosophy of life. It is mainly the scientist-philosopher who emerges from the short prose maxims of this collection; and the pertinent question of Goethe's value for our time is convincingly answered by Professor Weigand in his excellent introductory essay:

> Two attitudes toward life are characteristic of modern man. Either he flounders in skepticism or he clutches at the straw of made-to-order ideologies from which he does not dare to deviate by a hair's breadth lest he lose his last hold on certainty. By contrast, Goethe, subscribing to no creed and no ideology, felt himself borne along by the current of life in its wholeness. Although the unknowable loomed large in the field of his contemplation, he showed an essential trust in life, a faith in what is hidden from the eye. With this faith he responded to the summons of the day. Something of that same pragmatic faith may come to us through these pages.

To this reviewer it seems regrettable that poetry and dramatic verse have entirely been omitted, although the editor is of course correct when he states: "True poetry essentially defies translation." Nevertheless, the question remains: Should a Goethe scholar be a purist at the risk of depriving the uninitiated reader of "Faust's" wisdom and poetry? It is almost certain that even a mediocre translation would have conveyed something of the language-transcending depth of Goethe's thinking.

Readers who wish to familiarize themselves with Goethe's life have often depended in the past on Emil Ludwig's rather superficial biography; they may now use Ludwig Lewisohn's "Goethe: The Story of a Man" to better advantage. This handsome and expensive two-volume affair is a skilful compilation of Goethe's letters, autobiographical excerpts, and accounts of friends and visitors. From a wealth of published material Dr. Lewisohn has judiciously selected passages that reflect the whole span of the poet's life. He has also included some hundred poems, interposing them in the other material in chronological order. Most important of all, he has translated all the material himself, disregarding older versions in English. The result is the story of one of the greatest men who ever lived. One finds here the sublime blended with the seemingly trivial, the profound on the same page with the superficial, the serious alongside the jocose. Constantly the reader is reminded that greatness and simplicity are bound together. How could one otherwise surmise that Goethe's touching little notes to his uneducated wife, Christiane, are from the same man who carried on a professional correspondence with his poet friend Schiller, or who dictated superbly formulated pearls of wisdom to his faithful disciple Eckermann! Dr. Lewisohn has selected his excerpts to give what his sub-title promises—the story of a man—somewhat slighting Goethe the artist and Goethe the scholar. This reviewer would have preferred fewer and longer passages rather than so many short ones. Some criticism might be voiced against the method of interspersing excerpts from "Poetry and Truth" with Goethe's letters, thus placing, for instance, the original utterances of the exuberant boy and youthful genius right beside the mellowed reminiscences of a veteran writer. This method, abetted by a translation that tends to blur the differences in style that characterized the young poet and the old poet, makes it somewhat difficult to appreciate fully the significance of Goethe's development as an artist. However, no one can fail to sense something of Goethe's unique stature while absorbing the rich mosaic of Dr. Lewisohn's loving compilation.

With production costs what they are today, our publishers deserve high credit for these ventures with the work of an author who has never been widely read in this country Realizing that the first prerequisite for the appreciation of a writer is the accessibility of his work, they have issued many Goethe anthologies, collections, and reprints. The reader having no recourse to the German original can now get a glimpse of Goethe before proceeding to the newly announced ten-volume bicentennial edition in English. After that he may find himself ready to take on some of the forthcoming studies and interpretations, of which Albert Schweitzer's essays and Karl Vietor's monograph promise to be the most original. There is a real chance that Goethe's genius will at last be appreciated in America.



"That's gratitude for you! After I voted for the bill permitting rent increases, our landlord has raised the rent!"

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Ford Madox Ford in His True Colors

TRAINED FOR GENIUS: The Life and Writings of Ford Madox Ford. By Douglas Goldring. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 288 pp. $3.75.

By Ben Ray Redman

THIS is a biography written with much loyalty and much affection and, I am sure, a thorough understanding of its subject. It is also a rather prickly book, one in which the writer's hackles are obviously up, for in it Mr. Goldring continues his dual task of casting down Ford's many detractors and claiming for Ford himself the literary rank which his old friend and associate believes he deserves. The fact that these claims are not supported by any critical examination of Ford's novels and other writings does not mean that they are modest, although it does mean that the promise of the book's subtitle is not fully realized. But, if the writings are largely taken for granted, the life is exposed and charted with candor and considerable detail. And a fascinating life it is—thanks to the character of the man who lived it.

Because of that character, any biographer of Ford Madox Ford (born Ford Hermann Hueffer, and later Ford Madox Hueffer) must tread warily. For Ford, you see, was what those who were not charmed by him insisted upon describing as a pathological liar. Mr. Goldring, while admitting his friend's inability to tell the truth, explains it all away by reminding us that Ford was a creative artist, so completely so that he could not help being one in autobiography as in everything else. H. G. Wells, standing somewhere between those who loved Ford best and those who liked him least, once said: "What he is really, or if he is really, nobody knows now and he least of all: he has become a great system of assumed personas and dramatized selves."

However we care to describe it, the truth is that he was always inventing backgrounds and experiences for himself. He had not, for example, a public school and university background, but his imagination nobly supplied the want. As late as 1908, we are informed, he "was modestly content with Westminster, but in the USA and in his later books he used to hint more or less openly at Eton." In the same way, he came to believe—or at least tried to make others believe—that he had been a captain in the Guards. (Had he been born in different circumstances, he would surely have been content to be nothing less than a Romanoff, and would have given another well-known character stiff competition.) Of course, such fantasies have their booby-traps, and Ford did not always succeed in avoiding them, despite his skill at the game. Even his most passionate counsel for the defense must admit, with frank amusement, his occasional slips. "Ford, like Ouida, never got the hang of English university life and his description of the way in which Marwood deliberately avoided becoming Senior Wrangler, through his dislike of ostentation, resembles Ouida's immortal account of an Oxford boat race, in which all rowed swiftly but 'stroke' rowed swifter than any."

Ford Madox Ford—"a creative artist . . . in autobiography as in everything else."

Threading his way, then, between fact and fiction, Mr. Goldring tells us of Ford's childhood among "the Victorian Great," his schooling and early marriage, his collaboration with Conrad, his brief editorship of the admirable *English Review* and his equally brief experience with the less admirable *transatlantic review*, his estrangement from his wife and his relations with the three principal women in his life thereafter, his rural existence in England and France, his Bohemian hospitality in the Paris of the marvelous Twenties, his failure as a novelist at home and his success in the United States, his favorite role of the old master—at whose feet Hemingway, among others, was permitted to sit—, his eminence as a connoisseur of wines and as a lover of Provence, his growing pretensions and declining fortunes, and his unswerving fidelity to the one wife of his bosom—literature. In the course of this narration, Mr. Goldring is always the partisan. He is waspish with Violet Hunt, for whom Ford left hearth and home; and he is understandably severe with Mrs. Conrad, who did her husband no service by her denigration of his old friend and collaborator. This partisanship, however, means that Mr. Goldring has the courage to paint Ford in his true colors, with all his faults upon him. Here is the man, he says, and if you condemn him for his foibles it means that you are among those who have not known him well enough or "long enough to regard his peculiarities with the affectionate tolerance one should accord to the oddities of the Great."

That last word and the argument behind it are, of course, highly controversial. Mr. Goldring is passionately sure that Ford was a great writer, but many sound critics would disagree with him. I have not had time to return to the Tietjens series before writing this review (Ford himself thought that those novels would date), but I have read "The Good Soldier" as carefully as possible, and, despite the clever and continuous powers of improvisation which distinguish it, and the fact that it holds one's interest with the firm grip of a skilful mystery yarn—or perhaps partially because of these characteristics—I am convinced that anyone who considers it a great or even good novel is an injudicious critic.

However, I do not think we need to place Ford Madox Ford among the Great in order to regard his peculiarities with affectionate tolerance. We can so regard them in gratitude for his having played his often unhappy, frequently absurd, but always dedicated artist's role so perfectly—with unfailing verve and variety—and for having thereby provided his biographers with such interesting copy.

P.S. Mr. Goldring seems to have mixed up Leigh Hunt's "Jenny kissed me" with a very different poem, by D. G. Rossetti, about a girl of the same name. It was Mrs. Thomas Carlyle, not a "fallen woman," whose kiss Hunt immortalized.

Belles-Lettres Notes

SHAKESPEAREAN COMEDY, by Thomas Marc Parrott. Oxford University Press. $6.50. In this solid book Professor Parrott sets out to trace the vein of comedy that runs through all of Shakespeare's plays, the histories and tragedies as well as the comedies themselves. Such a plan is useful for breaking through the artificial (and inexact) classification of the plays as pure genres. After an

(*Continued on page* 34)

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The World. *As Wyndham Lewis comments soundly if not originally in "America and Cosmic Man" (see page 14), today we are in the midst of a world revolution that began with World War I. Each of the books reviewed here illuminates that theme in its own way. Once submerged peoples who have now achieved some measure of national independence are the subject of Margaret Bourke-White's superbly illustrated report on India, "Half-Way to Freedom," and of three histories of Jewry: Learsi's "Israel," Heller's "The Zionist Idea," and Parkes's "A History of Palestine." The revolution of the present is ably analyzed if not warmly welcomed in Winston Churchill's "The Sinews of Peace." But, as Mr. Lewis remarks, the world of the future will be peaceful only if nationalism's more chauvinistic qualities are eschewed.*

Across India with Camera & Typewriter

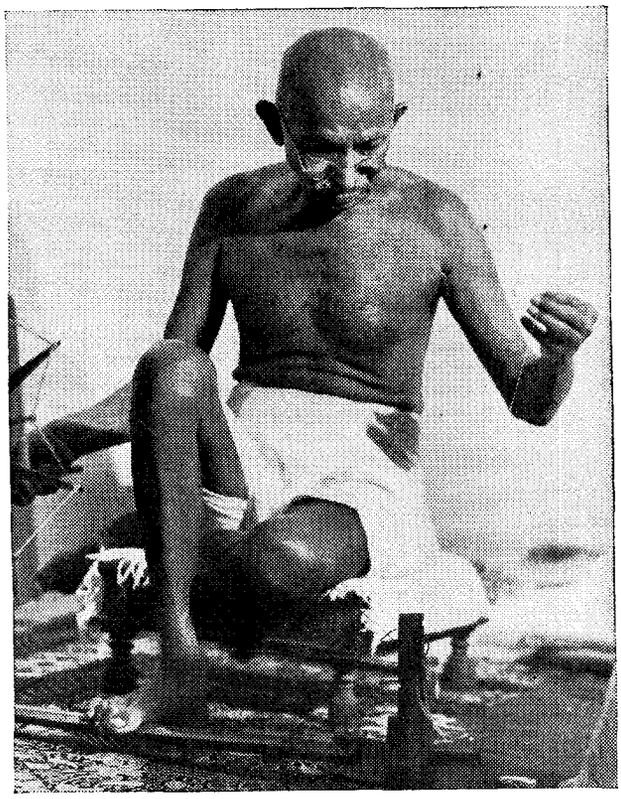
HALFWAY TO FREEDOM. By Margaret Bourke-White. New York: Simon & Schuster. 245 *pp.* $3.50.

By Louis Fischer

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE has a good eye, by which I mean that she has two good eyes. She has special sight. It makes her a great photographer and, now that she has acquired an infinitely better style than that of her early books, she can also make a pleasing verbal picture of persons and scenes.

This amazing Amazon of camera and typewriter crisscrossed India on foot, in oxcart, car, and plane, and apparently learned to love its people. That is fine. But sight and vitality are not understanding.

The more vivid a man or place, the more likely the reporter is to deal with externals. And India is so vivid that anybody with the eye of a Bourke-White would have to be fascinated by the surface.

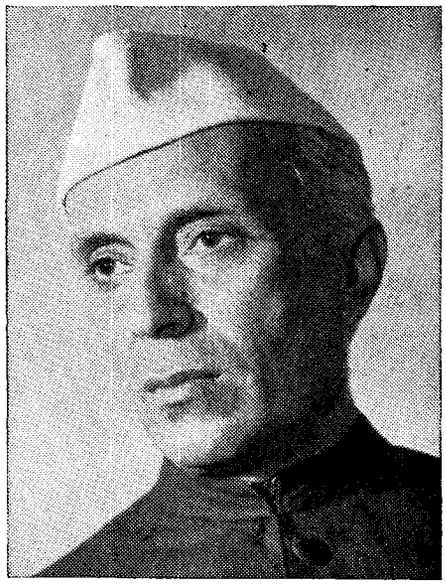


—*Photographs by Margaret Bourke-White, from the book.*

Mahatma Gandhi and charkha (spinning wheel): Spinning became the great symbol of India's fight for independence. Spinning was positive, productive, nonviolent, and gave to each spinner a sense of personal participation in the struggle.

Gandhi too was very vivid. He looked strange and he was always exciting copy. But he was not easy to fathom. You could not find him in one interview or in six interviews. His thought process was circular and he sometimes stubbornly refused to let you follow him around more than one segment of the circumference. The rest of him is in writings that go back to 1904 and in the deeds of a lifetime.

If Miss Bourke-White had contented herself with writing an eyewitness account of her tours in India, there would be no occasion for any comment on lack of background or biased interpretation. But though her method is journalistic, her ambition is to present India through the prism of her own ideology. One is therefore warranted in saying that the book would have benefited from more knowledge and greater objectivity.



Jawaharlal Nehru, India's Prime Minister: If Gandhi's great mantle falls on any one man, Nehru is that man. One of Gandhi's intimates, he spent years in prison. Brave, vigorous, erudite, he has been greatly influenced by the West and forms a bridge between the Western and Asian worlds.

Miss Bourke-White is "intrigued," for instance, when Gandhi uses a modern microphone to broadcast anti-machine statements and then drives from the meeting in a Packard. Well, any Indian bookstore would have sold her a fifteen-cent Gandhi pamphlet called "Indian Home Rule," in which he answers that argument; he did it in 796 other declarations. He was not anti-machine; he merely recognized earlier than most of us, the perils of the machine age. "What I object to," he wrote, "is the craze for machinery, not machinery as such." Of course, Miss Bourke-White heard him condemn machines. But you must read too. His was a complicated mind.

This book perpetrates an inexcusable injustice on the Mahatma. "Gandhi," it says, "had no ambition to reshape the structure of society." Miss Bourke-White also quotes Communists to the same effect. The plain truth, which could be supported by quotes from practically everything he said and wrote, and by references to practically everything he did, is that he was first and foremost a social reformer. To him, national independence was secondary to the reshaping of society. "It would be folly," he asserted, "to assume that an Indian Rockefeller would be better than the American Rockefeller." Independence, he said on numerous occasions, "is a meaningless term if we desire to keep a fifth of India (the untouchables) under perpetual subjection." Gandhi's personal letters show that he was un-

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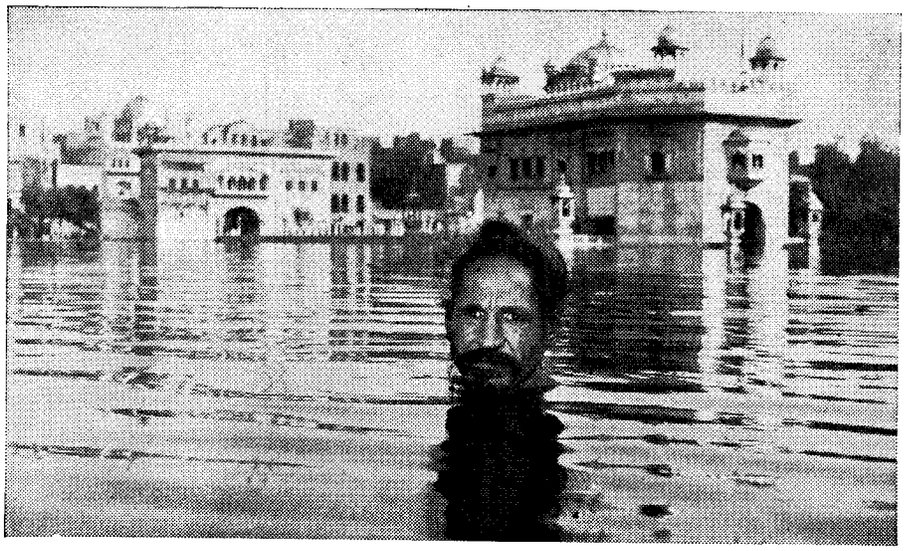
happy after independence because it was not accompanied by Hindu-Moslem friendship and other social changes. Miss Bourke-White tries to "class-angle" Gandhi. She omits any analysis of his life-long work to uplift the peasantry. Does she know that Gandhi devoted himself exclusively for seven months to the Champaran sharecroppers? Has she ever heard that Gandhi fasted to win a strike for the workers of the very textile millionaires who supported the village hermitage where he stayed most of his years in India? He stayed very little with Birla, the big industrialist, and to declare that "Birla adopted Gandhi" is rather unfortunate, to say the least. Instead of accepting Birla's summary of Gandhi's views, Miss Bourke-White might have quoted at length Gandhi's own explanations of his relations with capitalists. This was one of the first questions I put to him, and he answered it straight.

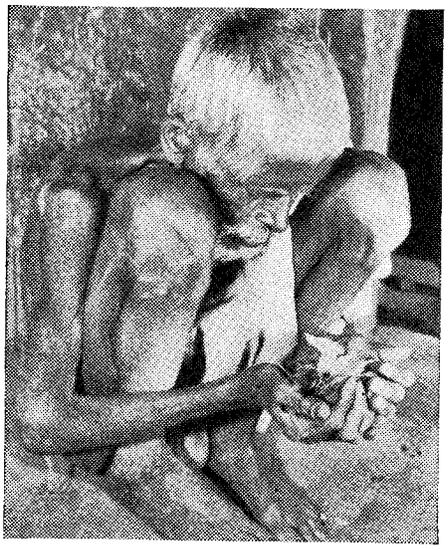
Gandhi believed in freedom, nonviolence, truth, and clean means. The Communists therefore recognize him as their greatest danger. It is significant that almost all the governments of the world sent condolences to India on Gandhi's death, but not the Soviet Government. Knowing this, Miss Bourke-White should have been careful not to take without a grain of salt the opinions of Communists, who throughout the book are "progressives" as distinguished from capitalists and Socialists who are "liberals."

Unfortunately, I now lack the space to point out the misunderstandings about the maharajahs, for instance. They do not retain their power. Important states like Baroda, Bhopal, Jaipur, and many others have ceased to exist as separate units and been merged with democratically-ruled provinces. The biggest native state, Hyderabad, is governed from the federal capital as are scores of small ones. Where the prince remains he is an overpaid puppet serving as constitutional ruler, like the British King, while power has passed to a legislative assembly run by the Congress Party. This is the first stage. Of course, much remains to be done in the native states and elsewhere. The problems and the perils to freedom are numerous. India, as Miss Bourke-White says, is only "halfway" to freedom. Gandhi would have said the fraction was smaller. Independence was merely the opening of the door to real freedom. Impatience for more rapid progress is a virtue. But not to understand is not to see.

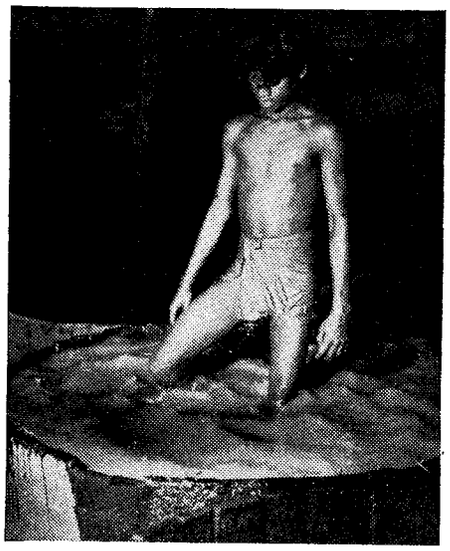
Louis Fischer is the author of "A Week with Gandhi" and "Gandhi and Stalin." He is now writing a full-length biography of Gandhi.



"Pool of Immortality": The bearded Sikh is refreshing his body and soul in these sacred waters surrounding the Golden Temple. From the temple, the sect's headquarters, orders and communiques are issued to the community. Sikhs worship only one God, have only one holy book, like the Muslims; burn their dead, like the Hindus; eat pork, but not beef, and do not marry Muslims. "Sikh" means disciple.



"Too Weak to Stand": Now the people of his village are living on leaves, going farther each day—too far for this old man. The green leaves he holds were brought by a neighbor. His children left the village with the other young people weeks ago.



"Untouchable Boy": Treading hides in a lime vat. Unless he washes every fifteen minutes with a neutralizing agent, the solution eats away the flesh. Hideous deformities result. The Tannery Workers Union is fighting for rubber gloves and aprons.

"The Funeral Pyre": "The light," said Nehru, "has gone out of our lives and there is darkness everywhere . . . Yet this light will still shine . . . a thousand years from now."

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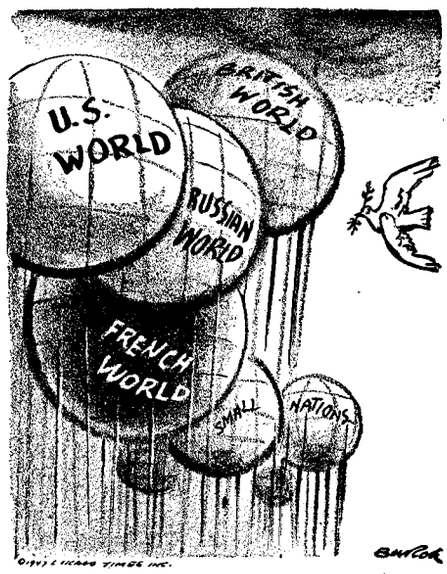
Citizens of the World, Unite

AMERICA AND COSMIC MAN. By Wyndham Lewis. New York: Doubleday & Co. 247 pp. $2.75.

By ALLAN NEVINS

MR. LEWIS has written a book full of ideas, but ideas so badly arranged that his volume seems confused and repetitive. He has included in it many reflections upon American history without knowing anything whatever about that history, so that the sections which deal with our past are simply grotesque. He has laid down a thesis of a provocative kind without taking pains to buttress it by arguments, or to develop any of its important bearings. In short, he has written a misshapen, misinformed, and incomplete book, which yet is worth reading because it is witty, because it contains some shrewd insights into the problems of America and the world, and because its central message is worth thinking about.

We are in the midst of a world revolution, Mr. Lewis (not very originally) remarks; Western society as it existed in 1914 is in process of dissolution. The one hope of mankind lies in the rapid evolution of some form of world government. But how can this be effected? Only by building up a world society of a friendly, hopeful, honest sort, in which people are kind and just to each other, place no excessive emphasis on the profit motive, exchange ideas and goods freely, drop racial prejudices, and show enough sense to stop wars and racketeering. In short, the foundation of world government must be a universal citizenship more successful than the Pax Romana or medieval Christendom. Is this a hopeless dream? Not if the United States remains true to its promise, and if other nations follow her example, says Mr. Lewis.



—Burck in the Chicago Times.

"Barrage Balloons."

Traveling about America, he has been impressed by our general social fluidity and generosity. The polyglot herds of our great cities, slowly merging in a "rootless Elysium," a great cosmic society, show that the necessary conditions of world citizenship can be established. "The United States of America is a place where those conditions of fraternization and free intercourse, irrespective of race, class, or religion, already prevail, or enough at least for a start."

In fine, Mr. Lewis holds that as the United States has gotten Greeks and Turks, French and Germans, Irish and English, Protestant and Catholic, white and black, to live amiably together, the whole world may learn the same lesson. He is not enamored of our politics. Indeed, he sardonically remarks that all our politicians preach loudly the doctrines of Thomas Jefferson and practise assiduously the principles of Alexander Hamilton. He does not care greatly for our economic structure. We have too many millionaires. But he does like our society, and if it still sprouts some snobbishness, race prejudice, and sectarian suspicion, he thinks at least its future is bright. Why cannot the world turn down the same road, dropping nationalism, fear, and meanness for Penn's brotherly love?

A tremendous non sequitur, as Mr. Lewis well knows, is involved in this argument. The United States gets people of diverse national origins, religions, and pigmentations to live together without throat-cutting. The USSR has partly persuaded, partly forced diverse peoples from Latvia to Manchuria to live in one pattern. But who can get the U. S. and the USSR to live together without suspicion and competition? The question is partly one of scale. What was accomplished in three centuries in a land of three million square miles (with one big civil war and much lesser conflict) might well take longer to do in a global area of fifty million square miles. It is partly a question of history. America had one language, one dominant culture, one central historical tradition; the world is something else. It is partly the old question of getting rid of deep-rooted loyalties to sovereignty. Since 1607 Americans have lived under one sovereignty, first the crown, then the republic. But what of the sixty-odd societies of the world devoted to something more than sixty-odd national sovereignties, living and dead?

Cosmic man—that is, man absorbed in world citizenship—must come, and tokens of his ultimate advent are already clear. We shall only delude ourselves, however, if we fancy that the problem is to be solved on anything like the American basis. It is far more complex and difficult. The solution may come not through Mr. Lewis's prescription of universalism, but through cosmopolitanism; that is, through confederation rather than merger. We may thank Mr. Lewis, however, for a perceptive and friendly analysis of American society, and what lessons it has to offer to the world. We may thank him also for some very witty writing. What he has to say about the difference between Tom Paine's neon light of liberty and Jefferson's smokier flame, about our romantic American willingness to let a "Chief Executive" in a seersucker suit do things that Europe sharply forbade Kings to do, about Harold Laski "swimming sedately down the left bank of the contemporary stream, so that it is out of the question that he will ever cross and mount the right bank, yet it is never certain that he will actually come to rest at any particular spot upon the left," about the difference between FDR's words and deeds, is highly amusing.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 313

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 313 will be found in the next issue.

OFT OPREST ALTINTOF

APRT, IMOFPSEF OFT

OPREST GOUTMC FIZT

RPRT.—B. QDKMGCCT—

QPLNU

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 312

Bashfulness is an ornament to youth, but a reproach to old age.
—ARISTOTLE.

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Churchillian Echoes

THE SINEWS OF PEACE. Postwar Speeches by Winston S. Churchill. Edited by Randolph S. Churchill. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 256 pp. $3.

By CRANE BRINTON

IN THIS volume Mr. Churchill's son, Randolph, has collected his father's speeches from October 1945 to the end of 1946. There are speeches in Parliament, now from the Opposition, now the Government, side; speeches at ceremonial occasions like the annual Alamein dinner; the speech at the pathetic reunion with Giraud at Metz; a speech broadcast for the Roosevelt Memorial Fund. The most important speeches in this volume, however, were not delivered before Parliamentary or, indeed, primarily political groups, but before academic groups. These are the already classic "iron curtain" speech given at Westminster College in Fulton, Missouri, and an equally important, if in this country less familiar one, delivered in September 1946 at the University of Zurich in Switzerland. At Zurich Mr. Churchill made explicit what he had hinted at in his speech at Metz: his espousal of a Western Union, a United States of Europe—or of as much of Europe as can be salvaged for such a purpose.

It need hardly be pointed out that these speeches show no signs whatever of failing powers. After all, Mr. Churchill is only in his seventies, and history is full of septuagenarians—and older—who have done all sorts of creative work, from the Verdi of "Otello" to the Gladstone of Irish Home Rule. Mr. Churchill can still make the telling point:

> The task of holding Germany down will not be a hard one; it will be much more difficult to hold her up. . . . I always welcome any signs of affability which M. Molotov may display. . . .We have certainly had a depressing year since the General Election. I do not blame the Socialist Government—for the weather.

He is still the master debater, still the graceful speaker at occasions convivial or ceremonial.

There is not in this period of his activity as much chance for eloquence in the grand style as there was in the years when he held power. Yet the peroration of his speech at Metz is close to his best style, and it ends with a typically Churchillian echo of history:

> Using my privilege as your old and faithful friend, I do not hesitate to urge upon all Frenchmen, worn or worried though they may be, to unite in the task of leading Europe back in peace and freedom to broader and better days. By saving yourselves you will save Europe and by saving Europe you will save yourselves.

When Labor won its great victory in 1945, there were many who said—in varied tones of joy or sorrow—that Winston Churchill would never again hold office. The wise money in 1949 is still, apparently, on the Labor Party's maintaining itself in power in the General Election which must come next year. But, as the events of last November have warned us all, the wise money can sometimes be very foolish in democratic elections. It is not wholly impossible that Mr. Churchill should once more be Prime Minister. From this point of view, the most interesting document in the present collection is the speech delivered at the Conservative Party Conference in October 1946.

This is, of course, a politician's speech. It appeals skilfully to those most human sentiments that make a party, like a college, a fraternity, a village, or a cause, a focus of loyalty. It has a platform, a good Tory platform, repudiating Socialism. But, says the experienced Mr. Churchill:

> Freedom of enterprise and freedom of service are not possible without elaborate systems of safeguards against failure, accident, or misfortune. We do not seek to pull down improvidently the structures of society, but to erect balustrades upon the stairway of life, which will prevent helpless or foolish people from falling into the abyss.

There is the politician's—and the statesman's—necessary escape-hatch. One guesses that, were the Tories returned in 1950, most of what the Socialists have done would be retained, just as one guesses that a Republican victory in 1952 would still mean the retention of most of what the Democrats have done. This the intellectuals sometimes bemoan: the two-party system is just Tweedledum and Tweedledee. So it is, of course, but the only real alternative seems to be the one-party system, which has not hitherto seemed a very democratic thing.

Dream of a Nation

ISRAEL: A HISTORY OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE. By Rufus Learsi. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. 715 pp. $5.

THE ZIONIST IDEA. By Joseph Heller. New York: Schocken Books. 246 pp. $3.

By JOHN COURNOS

THESE books naturally and inevitably complement each other. The first is a history of the Jewish people written by one who is clearly a partisan of Zionism; hence it is a narrative which irresistibly leads the reader to an acceptance of it as the premise upon which the entire pro-Zionist thesis of the second is based.

Both books stress the uniqueness of Israel, and where this uniqueness is called into question Mr. Learsi is there to meet the challenge and to rebut historically any charge calculated to awaken doubts. Barring debatable, controversial points, Mr. Learsi has written a history which is at once straightforward, lucid, and readable, a book which the lay reader should find satisfactory. A distinct advantage is that it brings Israel's story to date, recording as it does the terrible Nazi persecutions, which have wiped practically all of Israel from the face of Europe, a fact which was perhaps not a little instrumental in giving urgency to the practical realization of Israel's age-long dream of "coming home."

The meaning of Israel's dream is the burden of Dr. Heller's smaller volume. Such a book is badly needed, though it is a pity that for a larger audience the author lacks the gift of simplicity. "The Zionist Idea" is constructed like a textbook, or handbook, designed possibly for students and speakers rather than for the average reader, who, it may be assumed, in view of the columns which have filled the newspapers in recent months about the Jewish military triumph which made Israel a nation and a full-fledged member of the UN, is as much interested as the next man as to how the "miracle" has come about and its significance for the future.

Dr. Heller's contention, based on the ideas of famous Zionists who pre-

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ceded him, is that Israel holds a unique place among the peoples of the world, that it has, in spite of Toynbee (whose famous "Study" is not mentioned here and who put Israel among the "fossil" nations) still further contributions to make to the world's civilization and culture, and that Israel can do this best on its "unique territory," which "has stimulated generations of pioneers to the greatest sacrifices, and which has enabled them to overcome the seemingly insurmountable difficulty of reviving a country that has been derelict for centuries."

Zionism, in its present form, combines in itself both political and spiritual aspects, neither of which is sufficient unto itself. The spiritual aspect, it is conceded, is the more important, for it represents the goal; but to reach it, only political Zionism, the establishment of a Jewish state, must be employed as a means. The objects of spiritual Zionism are perhaps best expressed in the writings of Ahad Haam, who did not seem to think in terms of political Herzlian Zionism at all, but in those of Jewish ideals and aspirations. It was Ahad Haam's idea that the essence of nationality expressed itself in a distinct outlook on life and in the ideas, institutions, and habits that constitute the peculiar character of a national culture.

Ahad Haam apparently did not think that anti-Semitism was the worst evil which threatened Jewry but rather its own spiritual disintegration, the loss of its innermost identity. It was Herzl who initiated political Zionism on the ground that the restoration of the Jewish state would put an end to anti-Semitism and to the sufferings of the Jewish people. This would seem to predicate that all or most Jews should settle in Palestine, an unlikely occurrence even if the Holy Land could accommodate them, which it cannot possibly do. In any case, there is now a Jewish nation, with its own constitution, its own flag, its own dreams and problems. Everyone wishes it well.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 795)

RUMER GODDEN:
A CANDLE FOR ST. JUDE

To be impersonal is to be dull, to be too personal is to make judgment difficult, and Madame, for all her doubts and lapses, still knew how to judge. . . . Choreography, the science and design of dancing, is not to be arrived at easily.

2,000 Years off the Map

A HISTORY OF PALESTINE FROM 135 A.D. TO MODERN TIMES. By James Parkes. New York: Oxford University Press. 391 *pp.* $5.

By PAUL L. HANNA

IT IS a difficult task to write the history of a geographic area which, for nearly all of the 2,000 years covered, was not even represented by a name on the political map of the world. Palestine in the Christian Era has been incorporated successively in the Roman Empire, its Byzantine survivor in the East, the domains of the Arab caliphs, the Ottoman State, and the modern British Empire. Despite the geographic constant and a large degree of continuity in the peasant population throughout the centuries, the story of Palestine lacks real unity. It is a series of fragments, intelligible only in terms of the histories of the larger state of which Palestine was a generally insignificant part and of the Judaism and Christianity that it mothered and the Islam that later came to dominate its people.

Dr. Parkes has sought to redeem this defect in his subject by taking as his theme the placing in proper historical perspective of the twentieth-century Jewish-Arab conflict in Palestine. A sort of unity is thus achieved; but the reader is likely to feel that not only are the first two chapters (which deal with Palestine before 135 A.D.) introductory, but that the following five chapters (which carry the story to 1798) also belong in that category. In this light the chapter on the Crusades, though interesting and significant, seems unnecessarily long and detailed.

The core of the narrative, and indeed it occupies more than half the total pages, is an account of the background, setting, and events in the struggle between a modern Hebrew nationalism, intent upon restoring a Jewish state in Palestine, and a newly awakened Arab nationalism, intent upon making Palestine another independent state in the cluster of Middle Eastern Arab nations. In this part of his book Dr. Parkes tells a now oft-repeated story in a manner sympathetic to Zionism but showing a greater degree of objectivity than has generally been brought to bear upon it. His treatment of Judaism, Islam, and Christianity in their special relations to the Holy Land and his concern with the affairs and interests of the Christians, native and foreign, are both novel and illuminating. Though an Englishman, he is no apologist for the British mandatory government,

—*Shoemaker in* The Chicago News.

"The Great Moment."

calling it in its latter stages a regime so bankrupt that it had lost the justification for its existence.

The narrative stops in June 1948, before the newly-established State of Israel made good its claim to independence in the face of Arab military opposition and before the flight of hundreds of thousands of refugees from the Israeli-held areas of Palestine greatly reduced the Arab population in Israel but created a new problem of major proportions in the Middle East. These events have altered the Palestine picture but have not invalidated Dr. Parkes's conclusions that "Jewry has to take into account the emergence of Christianity and Islam as permanent factors in the new picture of the Holy Land and find a creative relationship with them," and that "there will be no peace in Palestine until there is reconciliation between Jewish and Arab needs."

"A History of Palestine" is not in major part a work of original scholarship; indeed no volume covering so long a period and the manifestations of so many states and cultures is likely to be. It is based, however, upon careful examination of a wide range of general works and special studies in English, French, and German and is equipped with an annotated bibliography which should prove of value to those interested in pursuing further any of the topics discussed. The non-scholarly reader, however, need not be alarmed. There are no footnotes and the volume is written primarily for the general public rather than for the student.

Paul L. Hanna teaches history at the University of Florida.

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Personal History. *Soon after the Civil War, Old World literary gentlemen returning from visits to the United States began remarking in their writing on a breathtaking phenomenon they had discovered: the American Woman. Even today for her independence, competence, and charm the American Woman remains to most Europeans a fascinating and in some ways disturbing creature. Two of the new biographies reviewed below treat outstanding specimens of the species: Billie Burke's amusing yet thoughtful report on her life as a theatrical star and showman's spouse in "With a Feather on My Nose," and Agness Underwood's chronicle of her career as a big-city city editor in "Newspaperwoman." . . . The "bad man" is another native phenomenon that intrigues Americans as well as foreigners. Homer Croy has recorded the legend of the most celebrated in "Jesse James Was My Neighbor."*

Vive le White Plumage

WITH A FEATHER ON MY NOSE. By Billie Burke with Cameron Shipp. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. 272 *pp.* $3.

By Patricia Collinge

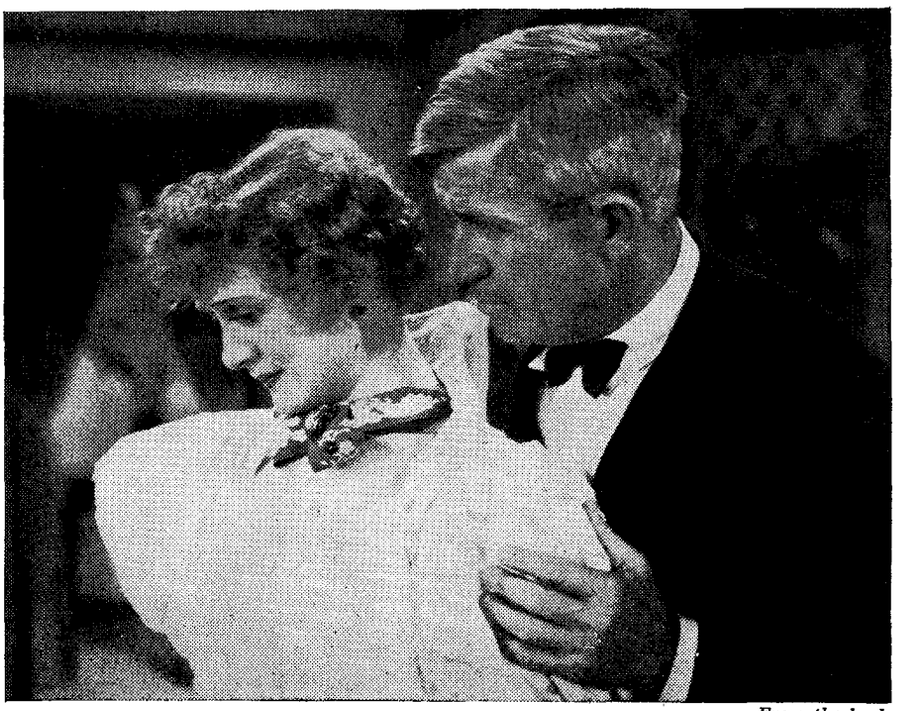
ONE of the nicest things about the autobiography of Billie Burke is that it retails no early struggles. Early struggles are so much the lot of most of us that they make for rather dull reading. Success came easily to Miss Burke. She had her share of grimness but it came later on, and was anything but dull; when trouble hit her, it hit in proportion akin to her early glitter, which was no mean proportion. But until then she had the sort of life that stars are supposed to have and so rarely do. Miss Burke tells about it with candor and charm and a frank delight in every moment of it; she enjoyed it so much, and she had much to enjoy. The parts she played, the exquisite clothes she wore, the pampering, the parties, the beautiful, clamoring young men, her friendships with the great, and her own beauty. She had pretty much everything. She must smile a little when she eyes the manufactured glamour surrounding some of our manufactured glamour girls; she had the real thing. In fact, she had so much that the wonder is that she was not thoroughly spoiled and made useless. But she had parents and from them she inherited more than red hair, which they both had, and an ability to beguile audiences, which her father had. Her father was Billy Burke, one of the great clowns of his day, not as we know them, but a singing clown, a star, an aristocrat of his medium, comparable to Tony Pastor, Dan Rice . . . all the nobility of the ring. Mrs. Billy Burke was from another circle, the equally aristocratic if more conservative one of New Orleans society. If Mr. Burke had charm, Mrs. Burke had elegance, a taste for grandeur, and enough courage for several lions. It was that courage, linked with unquenchable ambition, that propelled Billie Burke to the stage, where she had no particular desire to go, and that jet-propelled her onward and upward to stardom and marriage to Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr. It was some of that courage that Billie Burke inherited, and a good thing she did, because, as it turned out, she was to need it, in large quantities.

Being married to the creator of the Ziegfeld Follies must have been like being married to Napoleon, the Ringling Brothers, and all of the Khans, since he emulated one or another of them according to his mood. He also had an eye for beauty that was not entirely confined to the inanimate, and with all of these manifestations Miss Burke had to cope. She did all right but, not being the placid type herself, they enjoyed, if that is the word, a domesticity that, if dramatized, could be done justice to only by the Lunts.

They lived in a state of high tension and explosive luxury. When the Khan mood was uppermost Miss Burke never knew what was coming next, a sapphire-and-diamond stomacher or an elephant. Once it was a banquet service that had belonged to Nicholas II. A give-away, said Mr. Ziegfeld, at $38,000. Miss Burke sent this back and Mr. Ziegfeld was saddened. Burkely Crest, which had been merely magnificent, became a Pleasure Dome, with a pheasant preserve and a menagerie. It was all fabulous and preposterous and would be unbelievable but that Miss Burke attests it; sadly, be it said, and with the saving grace of wonder that such things could be:

> "Gone with the Wind" pleasures I now realize they were, whims and parties and extravagances of an era that was actually not so long ago . . . but which now seem to belong in another century.

Then it crashed. Billie Burke had to salvage their living as she time and time again had to salvage their marriage, with the Burke courage and the Burke determination and very little else. Florenz Ziegfeld died penniless



—From the book.

Billie Burke and Will Rogers in "The Torchbearers"—"Caruso hurled roses."

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and it was then that his widow began to balance that feather. How she did it, for what reasons, and what it was are part of the interest her book evokes, but not all. There are fine gaudy glimpses of the Zuleika Dobson-like Burke career, and some sharp and intriguing vignettes of the intriguing people it attracted. Caruso, who hurled roses at Miss Burke, sang arias at her, and proposed marriage to her with equal enthusiasm and publicity. J. M. Barrie, who surprised her by asking if he might kiss her. "I was not used to being asked." Mrs. Fiske, who talked darkly of the cruelty of wearing furs while smoking a cigarette through her veil. And there is a full-length, three-dimensional portrait of the late Charles Frohman that puts the book, for me, in a high category.

I don't know who gets credit for the writing. Miss Burke is starred as one author, Cameron Shipp modestly featured as the other. It doesn't really matter. Between them, except for a tendency to coyness which is luckily abandoned very early on, they have turned out a tremendously likable book, sincere and not too gentle; often most moving. Miss Burke as a person comes through not with a whimper, but with a bang, and I suspect that the ghost of a zany little woman, so well known to screen and radio audiences, is forever laid. Miss Mary William Ethelbert Appleton Burke can take that feather off her nose and wear it, as far as I am concerned, in her cap.

Patricia Collinge, who has appeared on the stage in "The Little Foxes," "Another Language," and other plays, is co-author of "The B.O.W.S.," a story of the "Barretts of Wimpole Street" troupe.

American Folk Outlaw-Hero

JESSE JAMES WAS MY NEIGHBOR. By Homer Croy. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 313 *pp.* $3.50.

By Dale L. Morgan

EXACTLY as you would expect from the title and from the fact that Homer Croy wrote it, here is a rocking-chair history, and one of the first order. Mr. Croy rocked on porches in dozens of Middlewest towns from Minnesota to Texas, from South Dakota to Tennessee, soaking up stories from people who had known Jesse James, and finally the time came when Mr. Croy himself had to start talking about the hero of his childhood. So here we have, from Mr. Croy's own front porch, the straight goods about an outlaw who has become a favorite American folk hero.

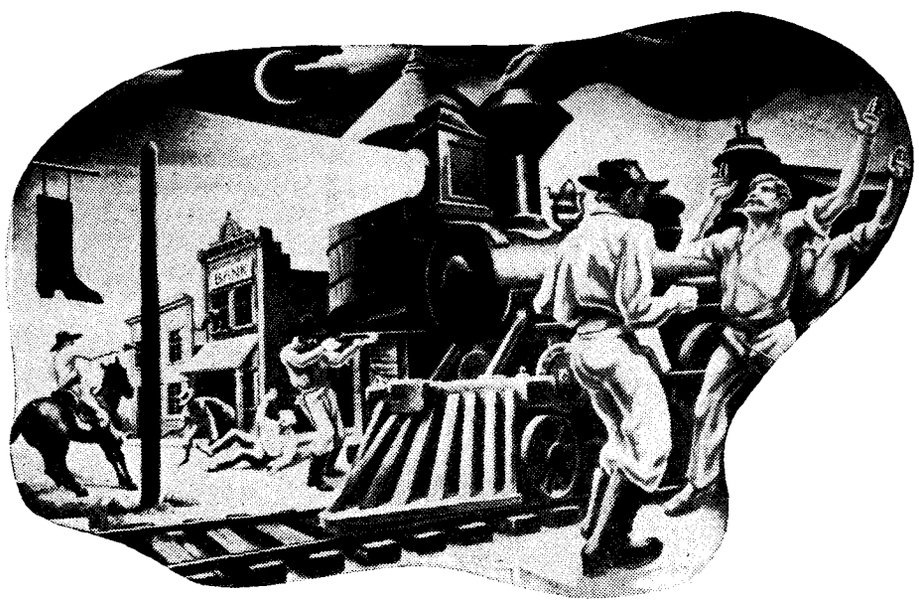
Sooner or later most bad men and outlaws (there is a distinction, as Mr. Croy demonstrates; Jesse James was an outlaw) become incarcerated in legend. Jesse was one of the first of them, and is more attractive than any but Butch Cassidy. He was a product of the black anarchy that was the Civil War along the Missouri-Kansas line; he "rode with Quantrill" and learned to hold human life cheap. Though hardly the Robin Hood that folklore has made him (as it also has made Cassidy), he had many friends and lived by a distinct code of ethics—which, however, did not prevent the armed robbery of banks, stagecoaches, and trains from assuming the aspect of a legitimate business. He was capable of the most cold-blooded murder, but stood in marked contrast with those cheap ruffians who were for many years his associates, the Younger brothers.

Jesse was born in Clay County, Missouri, in 1847, and with his only less celebrated brother, Frank, was brought up by his widowed mother, an extraordinary woman for whom Mr. Croy is able to feel a warmer admiration than I can. As Southern sympathizers, the James family was quickly caught in the middle of the no-quarter warfare between the Bushwhackers and the Jayhawkers. After being savagely beaten by a Union patrol, the fifteen-year-old Jesse joined one of Quantrill's most infamous lieutenants, Bloody Bill Anderson, and at the Centralia massacre in September 1864 is said to have killed the Union commander. It was turn and turn about; coming in to surrender in April 1865, Jesse was shot twice in the right breast and once in the leg, wounds from which he was a long time recovering.

It took a considerable while for lawlessness to die out in the Border counties. Jesse's elder brother participated in the first bank robbery in America, at Liberty, Missouri, on February 13, 1866, and when Frank rode the outlaw trail again in October at Lexington, Missouri, Jesse was a member of the party. Rapidly thereafter he rose to preeminence in his chosen career, but it was two years later, at Gallatin, before he killed his first man. In 1873 the gang branched out to train robbery, and though they were not the first by seven years to tackle such quarry, they were the first to wreck a train for the purpose. This brought the famous Pinkertons into the field against them, but not with any results that can be pointed to with pride.

Uniformly the operations of the James Boys were carried out with brilliant aplomb, but in 1876 they made the mistake of extending their operations into Minnesota, the upshot being that the Youngers were exterminated almost to a man, while Jesse and Frank James were hunted all the way back to Missouri. It seemed advisable to lie low, and there was a two-year interlude in Tennessee before a last series of armed robberies. Finally, at St. Joseph on April 3, 1882, Tom Howard, as he was calling himself, was shot in the back by a treacherous associate. In his whole sixteen-year career of crime, Jesse James never saw the inside of a jail, never was even in custody, nor can one say with any confidence that he could have been convicted if picked up.

In the remarkable index Mr. Croy



—From the jacket of "Jesse James Was My Neighbor."

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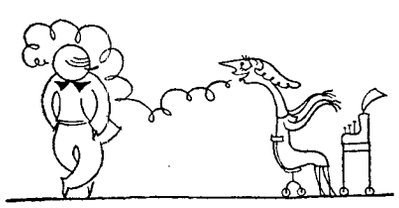
has compiled for this book (it is perhaps the first index in the annals of bookmaking that suggests the writer had a good time manufacturing it), there is no entry under murder, homicide, or killing, so one has to leaf through the book to evaluate Jesse as a murderer, the final criterion by which he must be judged. He seems to have been specifically credited with five killings, and may have been responsible for some or all of five others slain by his gang, not including the engineer killed in that first wrecked train. Two of Jesse's five were bank cashiers, senselessly and savagely shot down, two others were men engaged in or suspected of law-enforcement activities, while the fifth was a gang member suspected of treachery. If anything in Jesse James was admirable, it is not reflected in this record.

The small boy named Homer Croy who ran about his home town chanting, "It was a dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard and laid poor Jesse in his grave," is still to be heard in this book which is the product of Mr. Croy's mature years, and one is not disposed to accept all he heard on front and back porches or found in old scrapbooks. But "Jesse James Was My Neighbor" is nevertheless a careful and responsible work of history, well portraying that mid-century America which produced Jesse James and finally made a hero of him. Mr. Croy has not abandoned the whimsy that is associated with his name, and unexpected humor crops out at various places in his book. This is all to the good. I haven't heard that there is any law of nature requiring history to be funereal or even solemn in tone; if there is, Mr. Croy's demonstration should be sufficient for its repeal.

"The Limits of Technology," by Kumbel



The value
Of making
The typewriters
Noiseless
Is doubtful
As long as
The typists
Aren't voiceless.

—*Piet Hein.*

Crime Desk

NEWSPAPERWOMAN. By Agness Underwood. New York: Harper & Bros. 297 pp. $3.50.

By Bess Furman

AGNESS UNDERWOOD, first woman city editor of a metropolitan daily, has charge of a half hundred reporters and photographers on Hearst's *Los Angeles Herald-Express*, circulation about 500,000.

In her autobiography, "Newspaperwoman," something definitely has been added to the annals of women in journalism. The first astounded reaction to her tale is an extra-sibilant "Goodness-s, gracious-s, AGNES-S!"

The astonishment is not accounted for in her remarkable rise from orphaned waif to switchboard operator (married and with two children) to star reporter to city editor. Nor does it come from the innumerable famous cases she has covered—the parole of "Hammer-slayer" Clara Phillips, the Black Dahlia Murder case, the Errol Flynn "jail-bait" episode, the Charles Chaplin paternity case—although she reveals in these the vast ingenuity and thoroughness of her methods.

Nor does the impact lie in physical courage and psychological toughness. Those qualities, rightly or wrongly regarded as unusual in women, can be matched by other journalists in history. The genesis of the great gasp inherent in the Underwood book is rather the direct, even off-hand manner in which the author presents subject matter more than down-to-earth. Announcing forthrightly she is "no sissy" in her "control of reaction to blood and cadavers," Miss Underwood presents putrefaction in a matter-of-fact manner, not omitting the stench thereof. Her dealings with perversion are as detailed.

The stark reality ever lurking in the background makes credible Miss Underwood's account of how she addresses a detective captain who seems none too speedy in investigation: "Well gahdammit, don't sit there on your fat end. Put in a radio call." Quite a lot of the language is like that.

Agness Underwood gives at some length her credo. A reporter's job is to break down all barriers which if not cracked "would deprive readers of the complete coverage in news including pictures to which they are entitled." To that end she fights myriad battles daily, providing new leads for seven editions and never forgetting the picture that goes with the text nor the inherent oneness of the reporter-photographer team.

Her chapter headings indicate subject matter proportioning "city-side" on the big-circulation paper as she reviews top stories of a top reporter —cops and crime, a gallery of murderers, famous trials, covering the movie stars. Rape she ranks with minor disasters, like fires and floods.

She hews to the news—just finding the facts. Her results have cleared some murder suspects, convicted others. She gives due credit as a circulation builder to the "tag," for examples, the "Red Hibiscus," "Black Dahlia," and "Orchid" murders. In the last chapter, after thanking the Lord for her full life, she looks up in the dusk to a plane blinking landing lights —red, red, red—and thinks that overnight, perhaps, a "Red Rose Murder" will break.

Agness Underwood never pretends to be trying to teach that murder will out or crime does not pay. Instead she says, "Plenty of murderers, undetected and unsuspected, are loose among society. Other slayers, though apprehended are free, thanks to muddle-headed juries or prosecution." One gathers they no doubt also batten on ill-gotten gains.

The U. S. big-city concentration on crime is revealed by this book as a well-nurtured culture pattern. When at last the anthropologists get around to studying American culture patterns, they will find solid stuff in "Newspaperwoman."

Bess Furman, member of the Washington bureau of The New York Times, *is author of "Washington By-Line."*

Personal History Notes

JANOS, THE STORY OF A DOCTOR, by John Plesch. A. A. Wyn. $5. Autobiographies have a right to be long if they are interesting. Dr. Plesch's life history is both. He divides it into three parts: (1) "Science, Politics, and Personalities," (2) "The Theatre, Art, Music, and England," and (3) "A Doctor's Dialogues." He has something for everybody, and the something is frequently important and always entertaining. The notables who walk across the stage in this many-peopled medical - historical - cultural panorama of the last quarter of the nineteenth and the first half of the twentieth centuries in Austria-Hungary (how antique that sounds!), Germany, and England include Wassermann, Ehrlich, Kaiser Wilhelm II, Princess Radziwill, Haber, Max Reinhardt, Elisabeth Bergner, Liszt, Kreisler, Menuhin, Toscanini, Furtwängler, Richard Strauss, Bruno Walter, and many others. Manufacturers of specific tobacco products are

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Fiction. *In "The Track of the Cat," Walter Van Tilburg Clark's recent and admirable Western novel, a panther is the symbol of nature's malignant power. This week a destructive red fox serves the same purpose in one of the best novels of the South to appear in a long time, "Hunter's Horn," by Harriette Arnow. The characters are flesh and blood, and they speak the authentic language of the Kentucky hills. To add to the analogy, Marie McCall's grim story of witchcraft in Boston is titled "The Evening Wolves." . . . For lighter reading, we recommend "A Summer's Tale," by Gerald Warner Brace, a fantasy and romance, recalling "The Tempest," about a yachtsman who discovers an unknown group of islands off the coast of Maine.*

A Way of Life Down South

HUNTER'S HORN. By Harriette Arnow. New York: The Macmillan Co. 508 pp. $3.50.

By Victor P. Hass

IT IS possible that 1949 will see the publication of a better novel than "Hunter's Horn" but I, for one, do not look for literary lightning to strike twice in so short a time. Certainly, to date, this is the strongest contender I have seen for the Pulitzer Prize in fiction.

In these pages Harriette Arnow has brought to glowing life a people, a way of life, and a culture. Neither William Faulkner nor Jesse Stuart, I think, has done better for the people of the South, and it is my guess that Mrs. Arnow's book will have wider appeal for people everywhere than the books of either.

In essence, "Hunter's Horn" is the story of Nunn Ballew and of how he hunted down a superb red fox, King Devil; but, as a whole, it is the story of all the people who lived along the banks of Little Smokey Creek at the end of a gravel road in the Kentucky hills. They are people who speak in an idiom as rich as the flesh of quail that live in their hills. To them, the ways of city folk are as strange as champagne tasted for the first time. They are earthy in the meaning of that word before it was beaten to a pulp by too many typewriters.

Six years or so before the opening of the story Nunn had come to an erosion-blighted farm bought with his earnings as a coal miner. With him he had brought his wife, Milly, their children, and a determination to restore the farm to its original usefulness. Then King Devil had appeared and taken such a grip on Nunn's imagination that he had neglected family, home, and acres to pursue the beast. As the years wore on the fox came to be, for Nunn, the nemesis that had made him a failure as both parent and provider. Patient, wonderful, tobacco-chewing Milly bore his children and scraped a living from the soil with the help of her cooperative, uncomplaining children. None blamed Nunn and all conspired to overlook his faults when he came home drunk from another unsuccessful hunt.

One winter King Devil ran Zing, Nunn's celebrated hound, to death. Blind to all else, Nunn sold his stock to buy two pedigreed puppies, Vinie and Sam. As he trained them he worked himself to gauntness trying to make up the neglected work of years. When King Devil slaughtered his sheep he mortgaged his proudly debt-free farm to buy fencing.

And one day, as was inevitable, Vinie and Sam, literally educated by King Devil, cornered and finished off their shrewd adversary. Released of his obsession, Nunn took stock and knew it was too late. The years had put him, Milly, and their children beyond even hope. Victory had been too dearly bought.

That is the chief thread of story in "Hunter's Horn" but it does not begin to make evident the riches to be found in these pages. There is, for example, Mrs. Arnow's intense awareness of the changing seasons and her ability to make them change on paper. There is the story of the time the debt-nagged Nunn took up moonshining to turn a dishonest dollar, and this is a sequence so hilarious that it left me with tears streaming from my eyes. There is a whiskey-detonated brawl that matches anything of the kind I have ever read. There is an account of the inspection visit of the county superintendent to the one-room Smokey Creek school that is as delightful as it is humorous. There is the story of a tragic birthing that is as somber and terrible as a battlefield.

The characterizations are of a piece with the story itself. Nunn is etched in acid, blood, and tears. Sue Annie, the tart-tongued midwife, is as pungent as woodsmoke. Milly is of the earth, a snaggle-toothed slattern who seems only beautiful. Suse, Nunn's eldest, is hammered from gold—a darling girl wrecked for want of one decent dress. There are others, some good, some evil, but all originals.

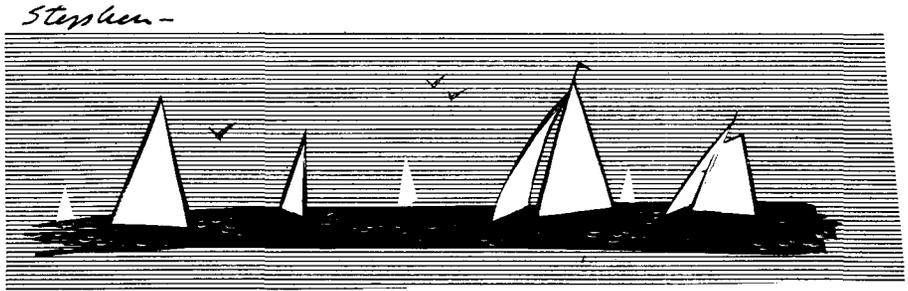
To me, the most remarkable thing about "Hunter's Horn" is that it runs to 508 pages. Had I not the evidence of the numbered pages I would not have believed it; seldom have I read a book that erased so completely the passage of time. Mrs. Arnow's novel seems to grow with no effort: it is not fiction but a reflection of life.

Castaway in Paradise

A SUMMER'S TALE. By Gerald Warner Brace. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 281 pp. $3.

By Harrison Smith

THE Maine seacoast with its pine-clad islands, its mountains, and secluded white villages has always cast its spell on the writers who have lived or sailed along its waters. There is an enchantment in the very idea of living on an islet almost anywhere that all the hideous revelations of invasion and death in the South Pacific have not dispelled. It was time that someone wrote a fantasy or an adult fairy tale that brought this romantic illusion, if illusion it is, into the world of today. Gerald Warner Brace, the author of that admirable New England saga "The Garretson Chronicle" of two years ago, has written just that kind of book, and a more refreshing



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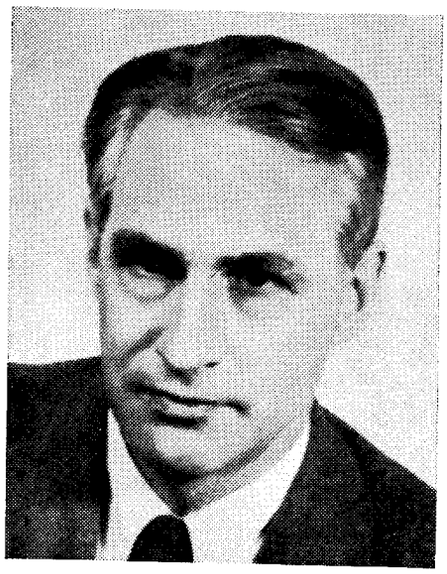
light novel to read on a summer's night would be hard to find in these thunderous days. In "A Summer's Tale," as in all good fantasies, you are asked to accept an impossible assumption and to proceed calmly from there. In this case Mr. Brace's hero, a handsome and intelligently sardonic young man, is starting a single-handed cruise on his sloop from Camden when he discovers that there is a group of islands lying to the northeast of the Maine coast that does not appear on any chart turned out by the Government of the United States. In short, he runs into a reef off the August Islands one night of fog, and storm sinks his little yacht. The next morning he comes to life to find a beautiful young woman looking down upon him.

It does not take Anthony Wyatt long to discover that he has been cast away in a kind of paradise where for two centuries men and women have fished and traded with the mainland, living happily under the benign rule of an ancient family. The Marquises take him into their fine chateau as their guest, and only too soon all the evils that once escaped from Pandora's Box threaten the tranquility and safety of their little world. The United States Navy makes up for its neglect of the August Islands by determining to take them over and exile the inhabitants. Invasion in the grand manner is in the offing, and a warship lying in the little harbor is damaged by two men in a rowboat with a handmade bomb. A newspaper friend of Anthony's arrives by air, and the resulting blast of publicity on the mainland saves the day. That Anthony is destined to fall in love with June Marquis and save the islands is obvious from the first. In a fairy story you do not doubt that the princess will be rescued by the shipwrecked prince and that they will wed and live happily ever after, nor does the knowledge spoil your pleasure in the classic tale.

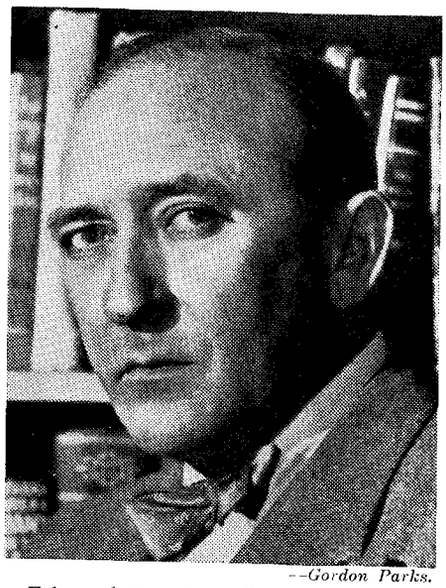
It would lessen the enjoyment of the reader to recite the startling events that lead to the final consummation of love. Magic and charm are woven with reality and occasionally rude satire presents its ugly countenance to view. It is a romantic comedy, a summer night's dream, an adventure and a love story bound together in one book. The reader of any age to whom romance has once beckoned, who has dreamed of islands, or who has ever sailed a boat, cannot fail to enjoy this novel. If the love story becomes a little wearisome, or too saccharine toward the end, there are nevertheless few who will object to too much frosting on their cake.

—*Lee F. Redman.*

Harriette Arnow—"an idiom as rich as the flesh of quail."



Gerald Warner Brace—"romantic illusion into the world of today."



—*Gordon Parks.*

Edward Stanley—"an empire at stake, messages in code, a mystery."

Descent with Burr

THE ROCK CRIED OUT. By Edward Stanley. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 311 *pp.* $3.

By Nathan Schachner

NO episode in American history would seem to offer more sure-fire material to the novelist than the Aaron Burr "conspiracy." Here, neatly compounded and packaged, are all the ingredients dear to the heart of the historical fictionist—an empire at stake, messages in code, fantastic adventures, breathtaking escapes, glamourous personages and Machiavellian villains, persecutions and prosecutions, and a mystery that remains to this day not wholly resolved.

Of all the ingredients in this tale of plot and counterplot possibly the most fantastic is that which relates to the Blennerhassetts, husband and wife, and their luxurious island home in the Ohio. No stranger, more incongruous couple ever appeared upon the rude American frontier than this tall, ingenuous, somewhat simple-minded Irishman with an enthusiasm for violin playing and amateur scientific experiments, and his gently nurtured English wife who was at the same time the daughter of the governor of the Isle of Man and her husband's niece.

It was this last circumstance, frowned upon by English canon law, which drove the couple across the ocean to seek a welcome obscurity and a hazard of new fortunes in the valley of the Ohio.

Finding little in common with the vigorous life of the frontier and shrinking obviously from too close contact with their rough-and-ready neighbors, Harmon and Margaret Blennerhassett purchased an island and built thereon as close a replica as they could of an Anglo-Irish country house with landscaped grounds. Here they might have ended a peaceful, if seclusive existence, had not Aaron Burr appeared upon the scene.

That brilliant, enigmatic figure had just come to what seemed the end of a spectacular career. Soldier of the Revolution, topflight lawyer, politician extraordinary, Senator and Vice President of the United States, with a not undeserved reputation for gallantry with the ladies, he had recently slain Alexander Hamilton in a duel and been denied renomination by Thomas Jefferson. Thereupon he turned his wits toward the West, to vast settlement schemes on the one hand and to the conquest of Mexico on the other.

Voyaging down the Ohio to set his plans in motion, he met first with

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Margaret, then with Harmon Blennerhassett. Their simple minds took fire at his vaguely worded schemes and they pledged their fortunes to their advancement. Thereafter all peace was gone. Tragedy followed tragedy; as Burr's career descended, theirs plummeted even deeper until, at the end, ruined, penniless, arrested for treason, the bemused and pathetic pair dropped from the world's sight.

Edward Stanley's attempt to tell the story of the hapless Blennerhassetts has not quite come off. For this there are several reasons. It is indeed an honest enough bit of writing and sticks pretty closely to the facts, though there are entirely too many historical whoppers. A few examples of the latter must suffice: it is an anachronism to speak of Whigs and Democrats in 1796; Audubon was not painting birds in Cincinnati in 1796; the Kentucky Resolutions were passed first and not Virginia's; Burr and Hamilton were not aides-de-camp together; Burr was no major on the Quebec expedition nor a Senator in 1800; etc., etc.

But these are matters easily forgiven in a novel if the story itself has vigor, pace, timing, and above all characters that are alive and three-dimensional. Unfortunately the writing is pedestrian; almost two-thirds of the book is devoted to the early lives of the Blennerhassetts with a consequent hurrying and scanting of the Burr episodes; and not a single major character emerges from the flat. Harmon is a shadow and a wraith instead of excellent material for ironic contemplation; Margaret, upon whom the author lavished most of his care, is contradictory and unclear; while Aaron Burr is a far cry from the original. Nor do antiquarian minutiae of contemporary food, clothing, etc., sufficiently supply the lack of a true historical setting. All of which is a pity, for Mr. Stanley's first book, "Thomas Forty," was a really good historical novel.

Nathan Schachner is the author of biographies of Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton and of several novels.

Frustration & Decay in New Orleans

RAIN OF ASHES. By James Neugass. New York: Harper & Bros. 327 pp. $3.

By Nathan L. Rothman

TO studies of frustration and decay in the deep South add Mr. Neugass's quick look in at the death of the Ewarts. Quick, because he takes them at the culmination of their career, at that moment when everything is poised delicately upon the brink, live or die, only to topple over into general ruin. As the First World War is about to draw the United States into its currents, the New Orleans firm of Ewart & Sons (trade and shipping) braces to hold its footing. This might be for them, as it is for so many shippers, a boom time—yet there are gnawing elements of rot at the core of the Ewarts.

It is not economics or competition that threatens them, but the internal corruption of the family. The father has died, and Gertrude, dowager of the Ewarts, holds court like a grand dame in her sick room, her eye and imagination turned constantly backward to the splendor that was. The business is run by the brothers Otto and Homer, and the outsider Charles Morand, who is married to their sister Sybil. All of them are governed by their decadent impulses and are quite unable to control their behavior. Otto plays upon Homer's known weakness by hiring a beautiful girl, Julie, and throwing her in Homer's way. Homer promptly responds by running off with Julie to an island, where they live for several ecstatic days. This, while the firm has decisions to meet. Charles Morand is sent to bring Homer back, and himself succumbs to a desire for Julie. His wife, Sybil, avenges herself upon him for his evident longing for the girl, by maneuvering Julie into a situation that destroys her and brings anguish to Charles. The whole situation erupts into violence. Homer makes a murderous attack upon Otto and lands in the hospital ward for the insane, and Charles, in despair, dies of self-induced exposure.

They fall, all together, entwined in a last vicious embrace; for no Ewart will let another Ewart survive him. It is not a pretty spectacle, very much like some lush and overripe plant, uprooted, shriveling, strangling itself in a last violent display. There is action, excitement, a constant seething—and yet the whole effect is one of spottiness, probably because there is no pattern either visible or revealed. We pass through this history as through a room of horrors in a wax museum: sections of a forbidding and corrupt atmosphere, a set of fantastically contrived characters who behave irrationally with little reference to human motivation. Neither they nor their fate seems meaningful or important, once we have come out. I think the writer had something like "The Little Foxes" in mind. He has more than matched that drama's atmosphere, without making its point.

Boston Bewitchings

THE EVENING WOLVES. By Marie McCall. New York: The John Day Co. 279 pp. $3.

By Edmund Fuller

WITCHCRAFT, in Salem or points adjacent, is having its innings as a subject for fiction this year. This is the third novel touching upon it to come to my attention, and what others there be I know not.

Miss McCall takes as her text a passage from an old sermon: ". . . When we are in the evening of the world the evening wolves will be abroad. Evil will prowl in all its multitudinous forms. . . ." Her locale is Boston under the governorship of Sir Edmund Andros, and of his successor, Sir William Phips.

The story is competently told and is filled with much excellent invention, notwithstanding a certain standard pattern in its conception. The Reverend Jonathan Griggs (who has something of the temperament of Arthur Dimmesdale, another eminent New England divine) woos and wins pretty Anne Walton. When this young lady has become Mistress Griggs, her natural tendency toward unorthodox good works in the harsh Puritan environment, her kindnesses to notorious sinners and doubters bring much criticism and reproof. Even Jonathan is perturbed, being no one for trifling

Spheres of Be and Do

By Dilys Bennett Laing

THE heavy globe is the bones' home, brain's fund,
humus of is, blood's riverbed, and here
energy has a focus. But there turns
another world, impalpable, our life's
insistent reference: the year abides
from fall to fall forever, and the seasons
are fitting quarters for ourselves and time.
Earth spins out atoms and the year our deeds.

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namby-pambyness toward the ungodly. But it is Dorcas Hubbard, who had wanted Jonathan for herself, who starts the fateful sequence of alleged bewitchings, and the denunciations that inevitably lead to Mistress Griggs herself, wife of the chief witch-harrier of Boston.

How this train of events works upon Jonathan and his wife and others of the town is the burden of Miss McCall's story. The writing is skilful, the characterizations are effective and alive, the scene and period are excellently recreated. Accordingly, the book is enjoyable and offers good fare even if it does not depart from the conventions, traditions, and stock obligatory scenes of such a tale.

"The Evening Wolves" has a number of elements in common with Natalie Anderson Scott's "The Husband," even though witchcraft as such is not a part of Miss Scott's concern. Miss McCall's book seems to me superior on every count. On the other hand, it lacks the touch of creative insight and imagination that distinguished Shirley Barker's "Peace, My Daughters" and caused that book to transcend all the familiar patterns to which the present book conforms. And although Miss Barker most tellingly relates the meanings of these phenomena to our times, the reader of Miss McCall's novel, likewise, will find a grim reminder of what can happen when good men in the world become too sure that they are right.

Fiction Notes

TOMORROW WE REAP, by James Street and James Childers. Dial Press. $3. James Street is a native of what Mississippians call "the free state of Jones," because Jones County, in South Mississippi, not only refused to secede from the Union in 1861, but fought its own private war with the Confederacy and maintained its independence. The reason back of this odd occurrence was economic, and Marx would have cherished the incident as proof of his theory of economic determinism if he had known of it.

This curious, Ripleyish bit of territory Mr. Street has long since laid literary claim to, and in following the fortunes of the fictional Dabney family, has written a series of successful, highly popular historical novels, not unknown to Hollywood.

In this his latest he moves forward to the Nineties, when Northern enterprise and Southern venality and political corruption joined hands to loot Jones County of its towering, long leaf, yellow pines which had made cathedral aisles running off to infinity since long before the predatory whites burst upon the scene.

Mr. Childers, who is a novelist of some experience and a neighbor of Mr. Street at Chapel Hill, came into the picture when Mr. Street was about to abandon this chapter of the Dabney story, one reads on the jacket, and at once organized a rescue squad. The jacket goes on to say that the ensuing collaboration was so close that "nobody can tell who wrote what."

This reviewer wishes to state it as his considered opinion that Mr. Childers did nobody a service when he rescued Mr. Street. And certainly for the record there ought to be some way of finding out which of the two novelists described a young woman's breasts as "steaming" in a moment of passion.

In plain English, we have here about as bad a novel as it is possible to write or publish.

—HERSCHEL BRICKELL.

DEVIL'S FOOD, by Dorothy Fremont Grant. Longmans, Green. $3. For rebellious Betsy Lyman no tree grew in Brooklyn. Even a sylvan borough would not have stilled her discontent. At seventeen Betsy was a true daughter of that lovely primal rebel who, eastward in Eden long ago, learned that a tree can grow tragically close to a flaming sword.

As winner of a radio contest Betsy was awarded a scholarship to Sherwood Junior College. Modern, progressive Sherwood sounded like the very place for a fine, soaring spirit like hers. At St. Rita's she had resented "all those stuffy rules and regulations—as though we were all still in diapers." Now, in the process of unfettering herself for her free, new life, the junior revolutionary gave up her religion and broke with her devoted mother and her long-suffering family.

At Sherwood her mentor was Rurik Stanley, the faculty's ambassador-at-large of advanced thinking, a male Circe adept at changing a little goose into a reasonable facsimile of a tramp. His indoctrination program called for a field trip *à deux* to San Francisco, which is a long way from Brooklyn. The disillusioned crusader for freedom got back the hard way, via New York's slums and the guidance of old-fashioned Annie Donovan.

"Devil's Food" is the sort of novel in which conversation must carry a considerable burden of preaching and teaching. For all that the action is spirited and the interplay of characters convincing. With the exception of Stanley, the characters are realistically drawn. Stanley would certainly put the author in her place for not knowing that a super-sophisticate carries his liquor more elegantly, dismisses a cast-off lady with subtler technique, and patronizes a tonier joint than Tony's. As for Tony's collegiate houris, their vocational guidance counselors might at least have suggested aiming for the Copacabana line.

—ANNE F. WOLFE.

"My goodness, that was exciting! What do you suppose will happen to Job next week?"

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Safety Without Jitters: Prescription for America

IF ALL mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind.

The peculiar evil of silencing the expression of an opinion is that it is robbing the human race—posterity as well as the existing generation; those who dissent from the opinion, still more than those who hold it. If the opinion is right, they are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth; if wrong, they lose, what is almost as great a benefit, the clearer perception and livelier impression of truth, produced by its collision with error.

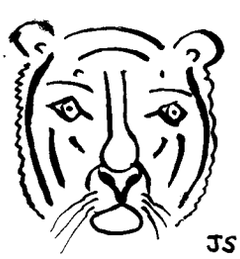
Strange it is that men should admit the validity of the arguments for free discussion, but object to their being "pushed to an extreme," not seeing that unless the reasons are good for an extreme case, they are not good for any case. Strange that they should imagine that they are not assuming infallibility, when they acknowledge that there should be free discussion on all subjects which can possibly be *doubtful*, but think that some particular principle or doctrine should be forbidden to be questioned because it is so *certain*, that is, because *they are certain* that it is certain. To call any proposition certain while there is anyone who would deny its certainty if permitted, but who is not permitted, is to assume that we ourselves, and those who agree with us, are the judges of certainty, and judges without hearing the other side.

In the present age—which has been described as "destitute of faith, but terrified at skepticism"—in which people feel sure, not so much that their opinions are true, as that they should not know what to do without them—the claims of an opinion to be protected from public attack are rested not so much on its truth, as on its importance to society. But the usefulness of an opinion is itself a matter of opinion: as disputable, as open to discussion, and requiring discussion as much as the opinion itself. There is the same need of an infallible judge of opinions to decide an opinion to be noxious, as to decide it to be false, unless the opinion condemned has full opportunity of defending itself. And it will not do to say that the heretic may be allowed to maintain the utility or harmlessness of his opinion, though forbidden to maintain its truth. The truth of an opinion is part of its utility. If we would know whether or not it is desirable that a proposition should be believed, is it possible to exclude the consideration of whether or not it is true? In the opinion, not of bad men, but of the best men, no belief which is contrary to truth can be really useful; and can you prevent such men from urging that plea, when they are charged with culpability for denying some doctrine which they are told is useful, but which they believe to be false? Those who are on the side of received opinions never fail to take all possible advantage of this plea: you do not find *them* handling the question of utility as if it could be completely abstracted from that of truth; on the contrary, it is, above all, because their doctrine is "the truth," that the knowledge or the belief of it is held to be so indispensable. There can be no fair discussion of the question of usefulness when an argument so vital may be employed on one side, but not on the other. And in point of fact, when law or public feeling do not permit the truth of an opinion to be disputed, they are just as little tolerant of a denial of its usefulness. The utmost they allow is an extenuation of its absolute necessity, or of the positive guilt of rejecting it.

Mankind can hardly be too often reminded that there was once a man named Socrates, between whom and the legal authorities and public opinion of his time there took place a memorable collision. Born in an age and country abounding in individual greatness, this man has been handed down to us by those who best knew both him and the age, as the most virtuous man in it; while *we* know him as the head and prototype of all subsequent teachers of virtue, the source equally of the lofty inspiration of Plato and the judicious utilitarianism of Aristole, "*i maestri di color che sanno*," the two headsprings of ethical as of all other philosophy. This acknowledged master of all the eminent thinkers who have since lived—whose fame, still growing after more than 2,000 years, all but outweighs the whole remainder of the names which make his native city illustrious—was put to death by his countrymen, after a judicial conviction, for impiety and immorality. Impiety, in denying the gods recognized by the State; indeed his accuser asserted (see the "Apologia") that he believed in no gods at all. Immorality, in being, by his doctrines and instructions, a "corruptor of youth." Of these charges the tribunal, there is every ground for believing, honestly found him guilty, and condemned the man who probably of all then born had deserved best of mankind to be put to death as a criminal.

THE dictum that truth always triumphs over persecution is one of those pleasant falsehoods which men repeat after one another till they pass into commonplaces, but which all experience refutes. History teems with instances of truth put down by persecution. If not suppressed forever, it may be thrown back for centuries. To speak only of religious opinions: the Reformation broke out at least twenty times before Luther, and was put down. Arnold of Brescia was put down. Fra Dolcino was put down. Savonarola was put down. The Albigeois were put down. The Vaudois were put down. The Lollards were put down. The Hussites were put down. Even after the era of Luther, wherever persecution was persisted

Atomic Age Fables



XII. The White Tiger

"THERE is sarcasm," squawked a parrot.

"Then, there is wit," hissed a fox.

"And finally," whispered a tiger moving softly towards the two, "there is irony." —J. S.

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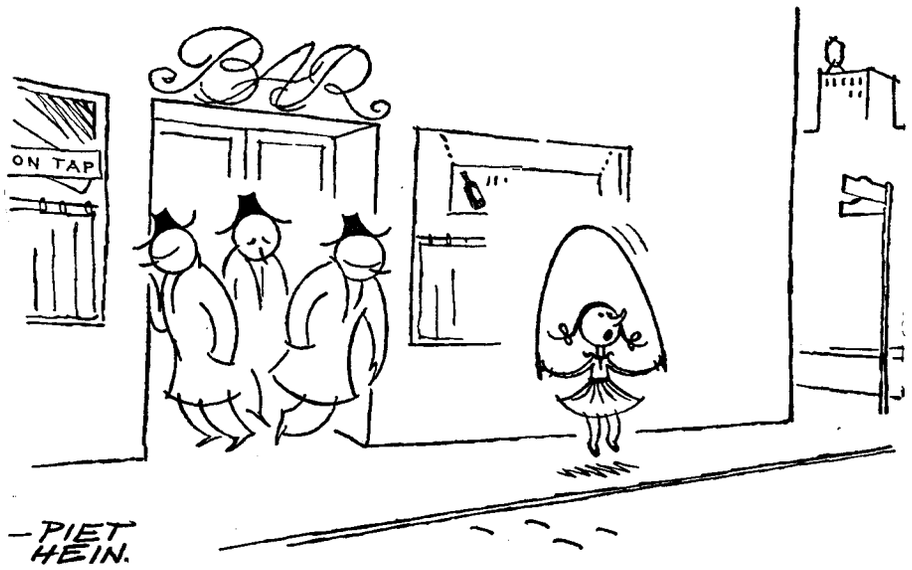
in, it was successful. In Spain, Italy, Flanders, the Austrian Empire, Protestantism was rooted out; and, most likely, would have been so in England, had Queen Mary lived, or Queen Elizabeth died. Persecution has always succeeded, save where the heretics were too strong a party to be effectually persecuted. No reasonable person can doubt that Christianity might have been extirpated in the Roman Empire. It spread, and became predominant, because the persecutions were only occasional, lasting but short time, and separated by long intervals of almost undisturbed propagandism. It is a piece of idle sentimentality that truth, merely as truth, has any inherent power denied to error of prevailing against the dungeon and the stake. Men are not more zealous for truth than they often are for error, and a sufficient application of legal or even of social penalties will generally succeed in stopping the propagation of either.

Unless opinions favorable to democracy and to aristocracy, to property and to equality, to cooperation and to completion, to luxury and to abstinence, to sociality and individuality, to liberty and discipline, and all the other standing antagonisms of practical life, are expressed with equal freedom, and enforced and defended with equal talent and energy, there is no chance of both elements obtaining their due: one scale is sure to go up, and the other down. Truth, in the great practical concerns of life, is so much a question of the reconciling and combining of opposites, that very few have minds sufficiently capacious and impartial to make the adjustment with an approach to correctness, and it has to be made by the rough process of a struggle between combatants fighting under hostile banners.

—JOHN STUART MILL.

Sigrid Unset (1882-1949)

THE great Norwegian novelist Sigrid Undset died two weeks ago in her old home in Lillehammer, and a few days later was given a State funeral as an official recognition of her writings and her influence on the people of her country. Her influence, indeed, was worldwide, for few writers have been so beloved or have left behind them a work of creative genius as noble and as flawless as the three novels of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Norway, published here twenty years ago as "Kristin Lavransdätter." It was for this novel that she received the Nobel Prize the year before. More than thirty other fiction and nonfiction books were written later which established but could not enhance her reputation, for when she attempted to write about her contemporaries her characters failed to come to life; they were only the bewildered shadows of the heroic and devout figures of Kristin and Erlend and their kinfolk, whom she had brought to life out of the almost unknown grave of history. She wrote of these people as if she had known and lived with them all her life, and today they live in her pages more real and alive than most of our acquaintances. "They hold no secrets from us," it has been said. Sigrid Undset's later life was a kind of saga, too. When the Russians invaded Finland, she was prophetically aware of the fate of Norway. Lillehammer was one of the first Norwegian towns to be leveled by German bombs, and she was one of the first civilian volunteers to join her country's Government. She abandoned her work and became an official censor of the war office. In the guerrilla warfare that followed the invasion her son was killed, and Sigrid Undset escaped to make her way penniless across the Swedish border. Later, she came to this country, exhausted and worn, lecturing up and down the land to urge America to come to the defense of her people and of Europe. She was an understanding and warm-hearted woman and for the people who met her here then it was difficult not to regard her with awe. To the millions who will read her epic novel in the future, she will bring a sense of the continuity of history and the essential nobility of the human race. —H. S.



". . . Brandy and beer and everything queer, that's what little boys are made of!"

Bookmarks

DR. MILTON JAMES FERGUSON, retiring after eighteen devoted years as chief librarian of the Brooklyn Public Library, told reporters that in that time he had made 400 appointments and accepted 400 resignations. As the refrain of FPA's "Ballade of Schopenhauer's Philosophy" has it: "The best you can get is an even break."

* * *

We checked the above citation in Helen Louise Cohen's "Lyric Forms from France," an anthology of ballades, chants royal, rondels, rondeaus, triolets, villanelles, and sestinas—a book we have enjoyed having available for twenty-seven years, and the only anthology we know of with an index of last lines.

* * *

In "The Lincoln Papers," deftly edited by David C. Mearns of the Library of Congress, we were captivated by (among much else) a letter from John E. Bradt, of Rome, New York. Mr. Bradt wrote the three weeks' President on March 25, 1861, to tell him he was sending down a tub of butter. He added a postscript: "Keep a goot strong pickle in this butter & in a cool place then it will keep sweet till July." That right?

* * *

Generals are getting a bigger and better play in the fiction of the Second World War than they have ever enjoyed in any previous aftermath. A fierce light beats on starred shoulders in James Gould Cozzens's "Guard of Honor" and W. W. Wakeman's "Command Decision," and there is a fine private's-eye view of a general in Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead." No one of these novelists, all of whom were in uniform (and none of them in a general's), is conspicuously vindictive. Their composite view seems to be that generals, stripped down to their undershirts, are much like other people. —J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Treason's Strange Fruit"

SIR: Your publication of Robert Hillyer's article ["Treason's Strange Fruit," *SRL* June 11] and your editorial on the Bollingen Award to Ezra Pound impressed me as one of the greatest contributions to modern American literature I have yet run across. This award shocked me profoundly, and I am glad to see the issue raised publicly and forcefully. More power to you.

O. GLENN SAXON, JR.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. This may not be the ultimate in logical expression, but it conveys, I think, that I am breathless with gratitude for the Hillyer article on Pound, which so dextrously electrocutes Eliot at the same time. So—thank you.

HELEN WOLFERT.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: HOORAY FOR ROBERT HILLYER'S BRAVE ARTICLE. MILLIONS SHOULD READ IT.

BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF.

CAPE MAY, N. J.

SIR: Talk about "weasel words"! Mr. Hillyer's insidious remarks on the Bollingen Committee were no more than typical journalistic "non-libelous" intimations. His attempt to prove "guilt by association" of the Fellows, the award, Jung, and the Nazis, is the worst kind of underhanded and reprehensible argumentation.

The attempt to brand the Bollingen Committee thus, in spite of the presence of Karl Shapiro, an avowed anti-Fascist, and the other Fellows who did not vote for Pound is ridiculous and dangerous. The problem of whether the individuals who nominated Pound are right or wrong (and I, personally, think they are wrong) is a just matter for discussion. But Mr. Hillyer's article, in the face of the distinguished critics who voted for and against Pound, is both vicious and beside the point.

GERALD GOLD.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: It is about time that the Bollingen Committee was openly disgraced for lauding a traitor in the very name of the United States Government and the American people. Those persons who have an independent mind, I am sure, will agree with you that a man cannot be excused for rotten thought merely because he calls himself an artist or an esthete.

EUGENE COMMINS.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: . . . . We have a right to demand from the judges, individually and collectively, a public accounting. Let's not permit them to get away with it.

GUSTAV DAVIDSON.

Washington, D. C.

". . . And in conclusion, may I say that I am indeed grateful to Mr. Trimmingham for his sensitive review of my historical novel 'The Hapless Harridan,' yet I feel compelled to point out to your readers that he has utterly misinterpreted my thesis. If I may be allowed one more quotation . . ."

SIR: You have put a welcome lancet to the festering abscess of the contemporary cult of "nervous obsession, nightmare, stammering confusion" (W. B. Yeats). Magnificent!

REV. ROWLAND F. NYE.

Lyndhurst, N. J.

SIR: It is really too bad that the Pulitzer Prize set-up does not include a category for polemics of genuine historical importance; otherwise Mr. Hillyer's essay would, I am sure, be awarded the palm. It is a magnificent job on all levels, from the sheer reportorial (what veteran Washington political correspondent could be anything but proud to have written it?) to its containing form of grace.

BORIS TODRIN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: T. S. Eliot, for all his frequently trying mannerisms, is one of the great voices of our age. It would seem that only an intransigent opinion could offer, after reading the "Four Quartets," that he "is the advocate of a kind of humanism in which no trace of humanity can be found." And though Mr. Eliot may be no spiritual scion of the Boy Scouts of America, he is not by any stretch of the imagination a "foreigner." He is an international literary eupatrid.

Just why T. S. Eliot considered Ezra Pound's "The Pisan Cantos" worthy of the Bollingen Award remains a matter of fascinating conjecture. It pleases me no more than it does Mr. Hillyer or the editors of *SRL*. But to put most of the blame for Eliot's choice on his so-called deracination seems untenable. No man makes seemingly lucid decisions by reason of his never having changed passports.

C. I. ASHLEY.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: What you say about not wanting to ban the publication of unintelligible books like "The Pisan Cantos" is all to the good, and I agree also when you deplore the fact that the Library of Congress, in the name of advanced art, has allowed its stamp of approval to be given to such grotesque nonsense. But why do you have to wave the American flag or the banner of democracy for your readers?

From what I have read, I would say that Ezra Pound, the self-exiled American, is not a man who would allow himself to be held back, in his pursuit of *ars gratia artis*, by such a quaint and childish virtue as intellectual honesty. But this does not mean that anyone who chooses to separate himself from his country for political and cultural reasons is intellectually dishonest or morally corrupt, even if his country happens to be known as a democracy. There are others who would like to leave the American scene behind them simply because they are disillusioned and depressed by so much of what they see in American life—the inhuman tempo and the jungle law, the hypocritical materialism and the moral decadence, the "emancipation" of women and the breakdown of the American home. They see all the symptoms of a deadly adolescence which gets deadlier as the melting pot gets hotter.

Ask yourselves if it is not possible for an American to lose his faith in democracy and even argue the case against it without betraying his world-conscience or anything that is holy and significant in human life. You can be fair to him without going to the defense of traitors—men who believe in *nothing* and have no conscience, or any love for truth or simple beauty. It is only because they believe in nothing that they are guilty of treason.

CLEMENT DROZ.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: For the past fifty years poetry has carried no weight with, and has had no influence on the people of this country. In fact those who claim to write it are devoid of any audience

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outside of their own circle. Can one imagine a publisher today issuing tremendous editions of T. S. Eliot, Dylan Thomas, or Gerard Manley Hopkins, as he used to do in the good old days (of poetry) for Byron, Tennyson, or Browning? . . . Since, therefore, poetry is of such small importance in the world today, and since the practitioners of the once noble art are now such dreadful third-raters, why the righteous wrath if a group of these little people award the worst of their clique a prize?

THOMAS L. JELTRUP.

Palisade, N. J.

SIR: Your editorial on the Pound-Bollingen affair states that if the statements made by Robert Hillyer could be disproved "the magazine is vulnerable to legal action that could quite possibly put it out of business." I suggest that if *SRL* runs into legal difficulties over its truth-seeking policies, it turn to its readers for financial aid, for the readers of an open-minded magazine are a kind of extended fraternity. Were they not likeminded on its major premises they would go elsewhere.

EMILIE KUSSIN.

New York, N. Y.

Schlesinger Replies to Ernst

SIR: Few Americans have fought more courageously over a long period for civil liberties than Morris Ernst. Anything he has to say on this perplexed topic deserves the most careful consideration. I am still constrained, however, to stick to the thesis I advanced in "The Right to Loathsome Ideas" [*SRL* May 14].

Mr. Ernst's objection, I take it, is that the clear and present danger test applies only to public speech, and that "secret speech" creates a new situation. "Some of us may have learned that before Quisling took over or Masaryk took off, society never had an opportunity to apply a *clear* and *present* danger test, since the danger was never clear and since the very secrecy of the speech or plans created was the danger." Mr. Ernst suggests, in other words, that the clear and present danger test does not give free society adequate protection. Yet the rise of Quisling in Norway was due, not to defects in the clear and present danger test, but to the presence of the German Army. Similarly in Czechoslovakia a government with will and determination would have had ample ground to crack down on the Communist Party for having created a clear and present danger; the failure of the Czech Government to do so was mainly caused by the presence of the Red Army over the frontier. Neither the clear and present danger test nor, for that matter, Mr. Ernst's distinction between "public" and "secret" speech affords a nation protection against external invasion.

Short of external invasion, the clear and present danger test, applied with will and determination, can, I believe, supply free society with adequate protection. This means that we must guard against those who feel that the prosecution of Communists, even when they have violated the law, represents in some obscure sense a violation of civil liberties; witness the strange liberal outcry over the deportation of Communists illegally in the country. But we must guard equally against those who would act in advance of clear and present danger.

My point about the difference between hiring and firing Communist teachers is a pragmatic one. Legally, I can see no objection to the hiring of Communist teachers. But all that is legal is not wise; and I would question the judgment and attack the policy of a university administration which knowingly hired Communist teachers. Once such teachers are hired, I would leave them alone. No one has yet demonstrated that they create any clear or present danger by their speech, whether public or secret; and it has been clearly demonstrated that the attempt to get the political beliefs of faculty members in order to pluck out the Communists or Klansmen results in dangers much worse than their continued presence on the faculty. I cannot believe that Mr. Ernst would favor the subjection of our university faculties to political saliva tests, whether applied by Canwell committees or by committees of the faculties themselves. Would he not agree that the price we would pay for the machinery which would cleanse our faculties of Communists and Fascists would be very much greater than the benefits gained?

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Cambridge, Mass.

Was Shakespeare Really Shakespeare?

SIR: While perusing Bergen Evans's article ["Was Shakespeare Really Shakespeare?" *SRL* May 7] I was particularly struck by his concluding remarks concerning the groundless and tenuous character of the anti-Shakespearian hypotheses. I was, however, surprised to note that while confuting each special claim, Mr. Evans fails to bring forward the mass of factual proof contained in that highly official document which could not be tampered with, the London Stationers Register, whereon seventeen of Shakespeare's plays were duly inscribed under the author's name, correctly spelled, together with mention of the theatrical company responsible for the staging of each comedy or tragedy as soon as printed. Two wardens presided over the great Register and, for the price of sixpence, issued license to print, thus securing copyright, but only after they had investigated the contents of the book and were satisfied as to the identity of the author held responsible for its appearance. True, certain writers used a pen name, but this did not mean anonymous publication. Walter Raleigh was perfectly well known under the pseudonym Ignoto; just as Spenser was recognized by the public as Colin Clout.

When the sonnets of Shakespeare were inscribed on the Stationers Register (1609) Richard Field had become master of the Stationer's company. It would be strange indeed if the man who had already printed two poems redolent of the Stratford atmosphere, landscape, and the rural sports for which the region was famous, should have confused the real actor-author he had known from boyhood with the lord chancellor of England.

Why also should doubt be cast on the general culture and knowledge of Latin possessed by Stratford school boys? There still remains written proof in the correspondence of Richard Quinney, Shakespeare's son-in-law. The grammar school handsomely endowed by the Catholic family of Clopton insisted upon having as teachers only men with degrees from Oxford or Cambridge. Their salaries paid out by Shakespeare's father were superior to those of Eton. Among the younger boys' textbooks were Lilly's Latin Grammar and his "Sententiae Pueriles," containing copious extracts from Seneca, Terence, Cicero, Plautus, Ovid, and Horace. No wonder that Shakespeare makes one of his characters say when quoting a classical couplet: "'Tis a phrase from Horace but I learned it in my Latin Grammar."

A man of exceptional learning presided over young Shakespeare's later scholastic years. This was Simon Hunt, Bachelor of Oxford, whose license to teach in the Schola Grammaticali in Villa Stratford super Avon figures on the register of the Archbishop of Worcester, where the documents concerning the poet's marriage

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are also consigned. Simon Hunt's learning is hard to question. For, when the Elizabethan persecutions obliged him to take refuge on the Continent he rose rapidly to one of the highest places in the Church of Rome so that the claim put forward by Baconians and others that Stratford grammar-school boys were necesssarily boobies may be lightly set aside.

CLARA LONGWORTH DE CHAMBRUN.

Paris, France.

Calling FPA

SIR:

O where art thou, O FPA?
I've looked for you for many a day
To quell the boys, with accents jingular,
Who use "agenda" in the singular.

FRANK PLACE.

Cortland, N. Y.

To Red Barber, et al.

SIR:

How like me, in pedantic unction!
To use "like" like it was a conjunction.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

New York, N. Y.

Encyclopedic Errors

SIR: In histories, large errors are easily detected and corrected; but little errors are often self-perpetuating, particularly when they are attached to matters that are not of great moment. Yet, when such errors remain uncorrected, they may lead later historians and biographers into all sorts of snarls, to say nothing of wild goose chases. This preface is by way of apology for asking permission to correct publicly two sets of errors I have discovered in two recent handbooks, "The Reader's Encyclopedia" and "A Literary History of the United States."

The first corrections concern *The Dial*. According to the "Literary History," *The Dial* that was founded in 1880 was a "conservative literary monthly review," which in 1916 moved from Chicago to New York. Actually, though *The Dial* began and ended its career as a monthly, it became a fortnightly in 1892, and remained such until Messrs. Scofield Thayer and James Sibley Watson took it over at the end of 1919. Like the "Literary History," the "Reader's Encyclopedia" also dates the removal to New York as 1916. What happened that year, however, was not *The Dial*'s migration to New York, but a change of ownership and editorship, with Mr. Martyn Johnson becoming its president. *The Dial* did not move to New York till July 1918, and its first New York issue was dated July 18, 1918. For some strange reason both works single out Randolph Bourne as one of the editors: the "Encyclopedia" even assigns editorial direction to Conrad Aiken, Van Wyck Brooks, and Randolph Bourne. Actually, these men were, for a time, part of a board of eight or nine contributing editors; but they never exercised editorial responsibility. Once *The Dial* removed to New York, Bourne did not even appear in the editorial box as contributing editor; though through the private generosity of Mr. Thayer he was, I believe, kept on a regular stipend as a contributor till his death.

The New York *Dial* was continuous in format and general contents with the older *Dial*, edited so faithfully in Chicago by Waldo Browne. The chief difference between the Chicago and the New York *Dial*, after October 1918, lay in the fact that the New York fortnightly was more fully concerned with the political and economic problems of what was then called "reconstruction." The monthly *Dial*, which followed the fortnightly, was as different from its predecessor as the present *Life* is from the humorous weekly that preceded it: yet neither account even alludes to the active editorship of Messrs. Thayer and Watson, who brought about this change. In the interest of encyclopedic brevity all these facts might have been properly omitted from "A Literary History"; but if names, dates, and characteristic features are alluded to, they should correspond with the data available in the files of *The Dial*. I trust later compilers will note these corrections.

The other correction I would make concerns the *American Caravan*. Both accounts refer to it as having been founded by Mr. Van Wyck Brooks and myself, with other unmentioned colleagues. Actually, the moving spirits were Alfred Kreymborg and Paul Rosenfeld. Mr. Brooks left for England before we had selected the manuscripts for the first *Caravan*, and though, in the hope that he would rejoin us eventually, we carried his name on the first *Caravan*, he had no active part in the enterprise and dropped out even as a name after 1927. On the surface, this may seem a very trivial matter; but in the case of "A Literary History" this erroneous version of what happened is associated with the complete neglect of the work and career of Paul Rosenfeld. I have no doubt that in Rosenfeld's case posterity will correct that error of judgment: but in the present bibliographic reference the omission of Rosenfeld's name is not an error of judgment but an error of fact.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

New York, N. Y.

In Praise of the West

SIR: The sight of the root depresses me as much as it does Wyndham Lewis, and Mr. Lewis's statement of "The Case Against Roots" [*SRL* May 21] strikes me as one of the few genuinely American social documents since Walt Whitman wrote "Leaves of Grass." However, there are a few facts and realities of American life, which it would appear, Mr. Lewis has either not faced or, if he has, has chosen to ignore.

It is not true, for example, that we "are all floating around in a rootless Elysium." Would that it were true, but it isn't. The United States may be "full of people who have escaped from their families, figuratively," but someone should take Mr. Lewis around a bit and show him the millions of families who exemplify clannishness in the lowest medieval tradition—families who isolate themselves from their fellow Americans by slavish adherence to church, class, politics, traditions, or to tribalism.

Ironically, the one part of America which exemplifies to a surprising degree Mr. Lewis's lyrical appraisal of American life is the part he says he has never visited—the West. If there is any future whatever left for the triumph of what he calls "cosmopolitan values" and "universalism"—values which may be the last hope of the American democracy and perhaps of all mankind—it would seem to lie principally in the Western part of the United States, especially in the Southwest, and nowhere more than in California. As a rule, Westerners are less clannish than Easterners; they incline to be friendly, warmly human, and, above all, "rootless," in sharp contrast to the brassy, clannish, cold, and solidly rooted people one meets in New York City or for that matter throughout the Atlantic Northeast. It is significant, too, that the rate of intermarriage in the West, particularly in California—and free of ideological and theological blackmail, at that—is about seven times higher than in all the rest of the country.

But most important, it is the West rather than the Midwest or the East that is "full of people who have escaped from their families"—not just figuratively, but literally. If Mr. Lewis thinks he is "floating around in a rootless Elysium" in the rest of the country, I guarantee he would be dancing in the stratosphere if he lived in California. In particular, I recommend to him a prolonged stay, of all places, in Hollywood—perhaps the last bastion of rootless cosmopolitanism and relatively irresponsible freedom left in the United States.

SEYMOUR STERN.

Larchmont, N. Y.

Mark Twain and the "New Deal"

SIR: Your correspondent ascribes FDR's phrase "a New Deal" to the "Princess Casamassima" of Henry James [LETTERS, *SRL* May 28]. May I call your attention to its appearance in another place. Soon after Mark Twain's Connecticut Yankee found himself in King Arthur's court, he set about preparing "the way gradually for a better order of things." He said: "So to speak, I was to become a stockholder in a corporation where nine hundred and ninety-four of the members furnished all the money and did all the work, and the other six elected themselves a permanent board of directors and took all the dividends. It seemed to me that what the nine hundred and ninety-four dupes needed was a new deal."

D. M. MCKEITHAN.

Austin, Tex.

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Music. *Few composers in the history of music have excited as much sharp partisanship as Igor Stravinsky. Some critics aver that he has been in an artistic decline for the past three decades; others maintain that his works reveal a steadily growing mastery of form and expression. The latter view is propounded, in a somewhat ceremonial fashion, in the symposium "Stravinsky in the Theatre," reviewed below....The new State of Israel has inspired a spate of books dealing with the cultural heritage of Jewry. The latest is "The Music of Israel," an account by Peter Gradenwitz of an ancient and actively flourishing musical tradition. . . . Deems Taylor, the best-known and a skilful popularizer of music in America, has just published a new volume, "Music to My Ears," that should gratify his large lay audience.*

After Boos and Hisses

STRAVINSKY IN THE THEATRE. Edited and with an introduction by Minna Lederman. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 228 *pp.* $3.75.

By Cecil Smith

FOR nearly forty years Igor Stravinsky has been one of the most arresting creative figures in the lyric theatre. A large share of his most significant energy has been directed toward the purposes of the stage ever since the earliest days of his career. Yet until now no single volume in English has ever been devoted specifically and exhaustively to this phase of his output.

Two years ago Minna Lederman, formerly editor of the lamented *Modern Music*, brought together for a special issue of the now equally lamented *Dance Index* a group of analytic and appreciative articles by artists and critics, under the title "Stravinsky in the Theatre." These materials, augmented by further contributions, by bibliographies, a list of recordings and a tabulation of public performances, and by additional photographs and drawings of uncommon evocativeness, have now been made available in book form.

Readers who are not ardent admirers of Stravinsky may find the prevailing tone of the book a little hard to accept. It has a good deal the air of having been written primarily to please Stravinsky; one feels that a dissenting opinion, had one been raised, would have been quelled by the editor before it had a chance to appear in print. It is the sort of book that usually gets published on the seventieth birthday of a distinguished man, or just after he has died. Since Stravinsky is neither seventy nor dead, an occasional suggestion of artistic fallibility on his part would have lent greater plausibility to the things that are said—usually with full justification—in this much too ceremonial volume.

A case in point is provided by the remarks of Ernest Ansermet, the distinguished Swiss conductor who has directed the premieres of a considerable number of Stravinsky's works. Mr. Ansermet devoted an article in a recent issue of *Musical America* to the charge that Stravinsky's neoclassic esthetic does not constitute an altogether healthful musical influence nowadays; yet in his two and a half pages in "Stravinsky in the Theatre" he contents himself with smiling platitudes. There is, to be sure, no reason to doubt the genuineness of Mr. Ansermet's conviction that Stravinsky "has brought to music an enrichment that none can dispute," any more than there are grounds for questioning the sincerity of Aaron Copland, Alexei Haieff, Pierre Monteux, Darius Milhaud, Leonard Bernstein, Vittorio Rieti, or William Schuman, all of whom single out true and important facets of Stravinsky's art for their unqualified praise. But I wish they did not all sound as if they were introducing him at a public dinner.

—*Gene Fern.*

Igor Stravinsky—"an enrichment that none can dispute."

The book does, however, contain three very solid articles, as well as appropriate fragments from Stravinsky's "Autobiography" and lively anecdotal reminiscences by Jean Cocteau, C.-F. Ramuz (who collaborated with the composer upon "L'Histoire du Soldat"), and several others. Arthur V. Berger offers a thoughtful and clarifying analysis of the consistent line of Stravinsky's musical development, showing the ways in which his theatre works parallel his contributions to "pure music" and are often concerned with essentially the same problems. Robert Craft, in what is by all odds the best piece in the whole book, traces Stravinsky's experimentation and purposeful growth in dealing with the relationship between music and words; when you have finished Mr. Craft's chapter you know a great deal that is tangible, important, and orderly in arrangement. George Balanchine, the most successful of the many choreographers to Stravinsky's scores, sheds light upon this composer's relation to the dance, indicating the aspects—primarily rhythmic—of Stravinsky's music that provide a special stimulus and challenge to the choreographer. There is also an article by Nicolas Nabokov on "Stravinsky and the Drama," which starts out well by precipitating the reasons why Stravinsky has never set himself the task of composing a work in traditional operatic form (allowing for the possibility that "The Rake's Progress," which he is now writing with W. H. Auden, may turn out to be a bona-fide opera), but Mr. Nabokov is ultimately deflected from his original investigation by an urge to establish none too fruitful generalizations about the composer's *Weltanschauung*.

The wide range of topics included, for better and for worse, and the celebrity of many of those who treat them, will undoubtedly win a ready audience for "Stravinsky in the Theatre." Nor should matters be otherwise, for many of its pages are both illuminating and provocative. But it is an incomplete book, and one that seems more trivial than it ought to.

What it lacks above all else is at least one sizable article of genuinely philosophic weight, devoted to the attempt to state the values of Stravinsky's attainments in a context more profound than that provided by the

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factual technical analysis, historical documentation, elegant catch-phrases, and diverting anecdotes the authors variously furnish. It is not enough to be told, with proof laid before us, that Stravinsky has made an important and individual contribution to the lyric theatre. This we knew already, if not in such detailed fashion.

But what is Stravinsky's place in current musical and musico-dramatic esthetics, with reference to the opposing forces of neo-romanticism and the twelve-tone system of composition? How good a thing is Stravinsky's neo-classicism, and what problems does it leave untouched or unsolved? What future developments can be predicated upon the results of Stravinsky's experiments, methods, and convictions? These are some of the big questions that "Stravinsky in the Theatre" does not undertake to answer.

Cecil Smith is editor of Musical America. *In addition, he covers musical doings for the* New Republic.

From Davidian Lyre to the PBS

THE MUSIC OF ISRAEL. By Peter Gradenwitz. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 334 pp. $5.

By Max Helfman

THE word "Israel" has been dramatically re-minted by recent history. Not only has its meaning changed significantly; its very sound has a different ring now. The overtones of a Biblical tribalism have given way to the brighter harmonics of a living contemporaneity.

This fresh connotation completely suffuses Peter Gradenwitz's "The Music of Israel" and gives it its special character—a character which sets it apart from those speculative Ph.D.ish dissertations preoccupied with dissecting some obscure minutia of an extinct culture, and removes it from that school of apologetics passionately bent on proving that the Jew has "contributed" his full share to the art.

Here we have an utterly non-self-conscious, buoyant, and stimulating recital of the fascinating saga of Jewish music from its earliest days in the desert to its present return to Zion —through its long and tortuous trek through Hellas and Rome, medieval Spain, seventeenth-century Italy, the ghettos in Eastern Europe, and its fruitful sojourn in America.

The author, an Israeli critic and composer who received his training at the University of Prague, unfolds this chronicle with a clearly distilled and unostentatious scholarship, and in a spirit of an enlightened musicologic humanism. Thus the bare musical facts are constantly enlivened and illuminated by being presented against a vivid background of salient social and political forces; so that Jewish music is here seen not as an isolated or separatist artistic phenomenon, but as an inextricable part of Israel's spiritual history, and intimately interrelated with the music-cultures with which it came into contact—absorbing metabolizing, rejecting, and enriching their various elements. So, for example, in ancient days the Jews were able to wrest from their servitude in Egypt (among other things) "some of the modes there already developed into a well-defined system, expand and perfect them to serve their own needs and later pass them on to the Greeks." And so, too, in modern times "the modal technique of motive combination"—used in the present-day cantillation of Scriptures and stemming from Arab and Hindu practices—"recurs throughout music history from the Gregorian chants to the art of the German Meistersinger, and from medieval composition to Schönberg's twelve-tone system, and the spirit of improvising on short melodic phrases has been revived in modern jazz." This catalytic quality of Jewish music is, in fact, repeatedly stressed; and the Jew as a sort of divinely infected music carrier—"the mediator between peoples and civilization"—seems to be a fundamental concept in Dr. Gradenwitz's thinking.

Obviously, any attempt to cover, within the limits of some 300 pages, "The Rise and Growth Through Five Thousand Years" of an art—as the subtitle optimistically suggests—will necessitate a good deal of telescoping. In this case, the telescoping often results in an almost microscopic treatment of whole phases of the subject. Thus the vast area of the Jewish folksong of Eastern Europe—so rich in variety, in eloquence, and influence —is given only a most cursory treatment, and that not in terms of the material itself, but only from the secondary point of view of some of its collectors and arrangers. The colorful —if rather naively tinseled—music of the Jewish theatre is curtly dismissed with a few meager references. The thriving, extensive, and surprisingly durable Jewish choral movement in America, which in the past several decades has stimulated the creation of a sizable and respectable vocal literature, is completely ignored. Many a productive life is here compressed into one or another of those meaningless, conglomerate lists so beloved by encyclopedist compilers.

But in spite of all its omissions and compressions, this book is still a tour de force of comprehensiveness and a commendable example of catholicity of judgment. Ranging as it does over a breathtaking panorama of achievement from the mythical Jubal to a flesh and blood Sabra (native Palestinian), barely out of his teens; from the Davidian lyre to the Palestine Broadcasting System, it still finds space for a leisurely obeisance to the Jewish masters of world music, from Mendelssohn to Schönberg, and manages to pay a deserved tribute to Ernest Bloch and his circle with a highly perceptive and sensitive chapter evaluating his unique position both as composer and symbol. Dr. Gradenwitz allows himself even the luxury of some side excursions, as for instance, his discussion of non-Jewish compositions on Biblical themes.

It is, however, the final chapter—"The Return to Zion"—that gives the book much of its ideologic thrust and dramatic impact. Here we have the thrilling story of a great musical homecoming of a profoundly musical people—and Dr. Gradenwitz tells it *con amore*. From the four corners of the earth we here see its musical children returning to the little land of their forefathers. They come with a complete mastery of their art so painfully acquired in their long exile. When all this genial skill and craftsmanship is brought into full play on the raw material of the East, who can foretell the full extent of the results? At present, there is a babel-like confusion of sounds and styles, shepherd songs and string quartets, pentatonic tunes and micro-tonic experiments. But to the discerning ear this is a creative confusion, out of which is bound to come, sooner or later, the great musical fusion of East and West.

It is one of the main values of Dr. Gradenwitz's book that we get from it this sense of great-things-about-to-come; the feeling that for all the extent of its traversal in time and space, this history may after all be only a prelude to the history of Jewish music now in the making.

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Intermission Chats

MUSIC TO MY EARS. By Deems Taylor. New York: Simon & Schuster. 288 *pp.* $3.

By PETER S. HANSEN

WHEN Deems Taylor became the intermission commentator for the Sunday afternoon broadcasts of the New York Philharmonic in 1936, his talks were a welcome surprise for his listeners. Instead of the expected formal analysis delivered in unctuous tones ("then the second theme appears in the woodwinds with delicate accompanying pizzicato chords in the strings") they heard astute and witty talk about music in a straightforward, conversational manner. There was nothing florid or condescending about it. It was simply the talk of a man who loved and knew music.

In his latest book, as in his previous ones, Mr. Taylor has collected a number of these talks, and much of their charm and interest has survived the change in medium. He explains that they are not the scripts he used on the air, that they had to be rewritten to read well.

The subjects range from anecdotes about Paganini to the problems of a young composer in getting performances, from women conductors to the probable value of a Strad someone just found in his attic. He is not at all concerned with gossip about people in the musical limelight.

The best sections, perhaps, are those in which he discusses the process of writing a piece of music. Here Mr. Taylor, an experienced and competent composer, joins company with other literate composers, such as Aaron Copland and Virgil Thomson, in tearing away some of the mysteries of musical composition. All of these men, albeit their music is so completely different, are in accord in emphasizing the craft of their art. In this respect, they are all typical twentieth-century artists, honest workmen, anxious to straighten out the romantic misconceptions left by the writings of their nineteenth-century brothers.

These latter dwelt lovingly on their inspirations (one thinks of Berlioz's Miss Simpson) rather than on the hard facts of acoustics and orchestral economics, or the slow labor of scoring a symphony. As a result, a whole century of music lovers came to believe that composers were a race apart. They were wild, dissolute fellows, long-haired, and undoubtedly suffering from unmentionable frustrations. Their masterpieces, it was believed, must have been dashed off in the frenzied moments between hectic *affaires de coeur.*

Deems Taylor—"not at all concerned with gossip."

The really modern composer is no longer distinguishable from any other professional man. He is a sensitive and skilled artist, but he can also write a book, m. c. a radio show, write movie background music, or sell insurance on the side. As a matter of fact, he is often compelled to have a sideline in order to make a living. In an early chapter Mr. Taylor describes some of the steps going into the writing of one scene of his opera "Ramuntcho." Its practical considerations should do much to break down the romantic myths of musical creation.

Of course, writings by a composer will always be biased, as his likes and dislikes will be determined by the kind of music he himself writes. His attitude towards critics, for instance, will be determined by the treatment he has received from them. Deems Taylor, an honest composer of the extreme right, is understandably unsympathetic to much contemporary music. In dwelling so exclusively on its dissonant character, however, he is guilty of oversimplification. Much "serious" music being written at the present time is not dissonant at all. Satie's reaction to the nineteenth century found expression not in the piling up of more dissonance but in his seemingly naive use of simple consonance. This trend has always had its followers, and never more so than in the last decade, as "Appalachian Spring" and "The Mother of Us All" testify.

Some of Mr. Taylor's comments on the early history of music are less than scholarly. But the virtues of his book are robust ones, and the flaws of minor consequence.

Peter S. Hansen is chairman of the music department at Stephens College.

Music Notes

MUSIC HO!, by Constant Lambert. Penguin Books. 1*s.* 6*d.* Though not a new book, Constant Lambert's engaging dissection of modern music has been out of print for so long that its reappearance is well worth chronicling. The author needs no introduction to record collectors, his artistry as a conductor being well represented on discs. If there are some of his admirers, however, who do not know "Music Ho!," they should lose no time in making its acquaintance. Lambert is nothing if not iconoclastic. With ruthless and devastating thoroughness he mounts an attack on Stravinsky and Hindemith, letting fly lesser barbs at Satie, Les Six, and Schönberg, and ends up by showing real enthusiasm only for Sibelius. This may seem scant recommendation, especially when it is further revealed that the book is now fifteen years out of date. But a statement of Lambert's prejudices in no wise does justice to his striking perceptions or to the brilliant, unhackneyed quality of his writing. At 35¢ in U.S. currency this is by all odds the month's "best buy."

AMERICAN COMPOSERS TODAY, compiled and edited by David Ewen. H. W. Wilson. $4. A who's who of composers active in America since 1900. Its scope includes personalities south of the border as well as Europeans who have taken up residence in this country. Had more critical evaluation of the composers been included, the book would have greater appeal to the lay reader. As it is, this volume will be of use mainly to music critics and program annotators.

TWENTY CENTURIES OF CATHOLIC CHURCH MUSIC, by Erwin Esser Nemmers. Bruce. $4. Professor Nemmers approaches his subject from a definitely clerical standpoint. He explains why Bach's organ music is admissible to the Church but not his vocal music, and he finds fault with Mozart's "Requiem Mass" on the eyebrow-raising grounds that "the music is not expressive of a divinely revealed text." Besides shedding light on Catholic musical doctrine, the book is valuable for its thorough treatment of Gregorian chant.

MUSICAL U. S. A., edited by Quaintance Eaton. Allen, Towne & Heath. $4.50. A book relying on photographic material to the extent of "Musical U. S. A." should be printed with more than ordinary care. The present volume seems, unfortunately, to have received scurvy treatment in this respect. The illustrations are

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blurred and dull, affording little pleasure to the eye despite their inherent interest. There is more to commend in the text, which gives the musical histories of our large cities. Each article is written by a local authority, usually a practising music critic.

THE VIOLET: The History of a Song, by Paul Nettl. Storm Publishers. $7.50. Mozart could hardly have believed when he set Goethe's "Das Veilchen" to music that someday his sixty-five-measure song would provide subject matter for a book. But this it has done, in one of the handsomest volumes to have come our way in some time. Professor Nettl relates the history of Goethe's little poem, describes how other composers set it, and then proceeds to a historical and musical analysis of Mozart's lied. Included are facsimiles of Mozart's manuscript and the first edition published (1789) by Artaria in Vienna. The typography, the paper, the binding—everything is sumptuous and of exquisite taste. If anything, the largess is a bit too bountiful for so minute a subject.

—ROLAND GELATT.

How We Logged Katahdin Stream

By Dan G. Hoffman

COME all ye river-drivers, if a tale you wish to hear
The likes for strength and daring all the North Woods has no peer:
'Twas the summer of 1860 when we took a brave ox team
And a grand bully band of braggarts up to log Katahdin Stream.

Chorus: So, it's Hi derry, Ho derry, Hi derry, Down!
When our driving is over we'll come into town!
Make ready, ye maidens, for frolic and song!
When the woodsman has whiskey, then naught can go wrong!

Bold Gattigan was foreman, he's the pride of Bangor's Town,
And there was no other like Chauncey for to mow the great pines down;
Joe Murphraw was the swamper, with Canada Jacques Dupree.
We'd the best camp cook in the wilderness—I know, for it was me.

We left from Millinocket on such a misty day
We dulled our axes chopping the fog to clear ourselves a way,
Till at last we reached the bottom of Mount Katahdin's peaks supreme
And vowed that we within the week would clear Katahdin Stream.

O, Chauncey chopped and Murph he swamped and Canada Jacques did swear,
Bold Gattigan goaded the oxen on and shouted and tore his hair,
Till the wildwood rang with "*Timber*!" as the forest monarchs fell,
And the air was split with echoes of our ax-blows and our yell.

For six whole days and twenty-three hours we threshed the forest clean—
The logs we skidded by hundreds, O, such a drive was never seen!
We worked clear round the mountain, and rejoiced to a jovial strain,
When what did we see but that forest of trees was a-growing in again!

Then all of a sudden the mountain heaved, and thunder spoke out of the earth!
"Who's walking around in my beard?" it cried, and it rumbled as though in mirth.
The next we knew, a hand appeared—no larger than Moosehead Lake—
And it plucked us daintily one by one, while we with fear did quake!

Paul Bunyan held us in one hand! With the other he rubbed his chin.
"Well I'll be swamped! You fellers have logged my beard right down to the skin!"
"We thought you was Mount Katahdin," Gattigan shouted into his ear,
"We're sorry, but 'twouldn't have happened if the weather had been clear."

Well, good old Paul didn't mind it at all. He paid us for the shave—
A hundred dollars apiece to the men, to the oxen fodder he gave.
And now, ye young river-drivers, fill your glasses—fill mine too—
And we'll drink to the health of Bold Gattigan, and his gallant lumbering crew!

PERSONAL HISTORY

(*Continued from page* 19)

entitled to derive such comfort as they can from Dr. Plesch's conclusion that "much might be achieved if a doctor persuaded a patient to change his brand. In this way a counter-effect might be secured against the accumulation of poisons in any particular tobacco kind. Those people who boast (why I don't know) that they have always smoked the same brand of cigars for so and so many years without a change are in much greater danger than those less faithful souls who change the brand constantly." Any reader whose range of interests is broad enough to include Einstein's brain, Dietrich's legs, and the case for euthanasia will enjoy Dr. Plesch's reminiscences. The section called "A Doctor's Dialogues" (modestly ticketed "Appendix") is actually a 200-page book by itself—a great practitioner's sane and pungent views on dozens of medical subjects.

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT AT HYDE PARK, documented drawings and text by Olin Dows. American Artists Group. $5. Since 1908, when he was four years old, Olin Dows has lived at Rhinebeck, New York, eight miles north of Hyde Park. He knew FDR as a family friend throughout childhood; Anna and James Roosevelt attended a dancing class that met at Olin Dows's home. Mr. Dows took up painting and studied under good teachers. This combination of propinquity, neighborliness, and craftsmanship comes to fine fruition in a cluster of some 174 drawings, supported by helpful text, which provides an admirable portrait of FDR in his habitat (if the French have no word for home, neither do we have a word for *pays*). This is a lovely book to handle, to look at, and to read.

FOUR FAVORITES, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis. Longmans, Green. $3.50. Mr. Lewis's title requires a rubric—his "favorites" are not necessarily his own, but the confidants of kings (and queens), the powers behind four thrones. They are la Pompadour, Melbourne, Potemkin, and Godoy, a truly international gallery. The success-story formula, it appears, is applicable not only in democracies. Here is a quartet whose members hauled themselves up to eminence and power largely by their bootstraps. Mr. Lewis is not trying to prove anything, but he does offer the conclusion that charm is the common denominator of all four of his subjects. Their stories make engaging

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reading. This is a searching and civilized book.

IRMA AND THE HERMIT: My life in Korea, by Irma Tennant Materi. Norton. $2.95. Mrs. Materi is an Army wife who in the summer of 1946 took her baby aboard the transport *Frederick Funston* at Seattle and sailed to join her husband, a major stationed in Seoul. They returned in the spring of 1948. This is an account of her experiences, which were probably typical. Whether they were typical or not, they were worth setting down for the record. Mrs. Materi's story is most enjoyable and most valuable when it is most personal; she has little to say about geography, history, politics, and the future, and that's fine.

HORSECARS AND COBBLESTONES, by Sophie Ruskay. Beechhurst. $2.75. This is a gentle and ingratiating book—the story of a New York Jewish family in the days when the century was young. It is the same period which Myra Kelly treated in "Little Aliens" and "Little Citizens." But the characters are not identical—Mrs. Ruskay's folks were lace-curtain Jews; they had a piano and a Polish maid, and they summered at Long Branch and in the Catskills. It was a day of bicycles and big families (Mrs. Ruskay was the middle child of five, so hers was not *really* a big family), a day when ladies wore corsets under their bathing suits. There is no straining for laughs in "Horsecars and Cobblestones," and no straining for tears either. Reminiscence, it seems, does not have to be boisterous and violent to be interesting, heart-warming, and worth while. This is a period piece, tender and true.

THE GREENER GRASS AND SOME PEOPLE WHO FOUND IT, by Burton Roueché. Harper. $2.50. These eleven pieces first appeared in *The New Yorker,* and are here assembled to good purpose. They are reports of one-man expeditions which Mr. Roueché conducted, one as close to his home base as West 39th Street, one as far afield as Westerly, Rhode Island. They are concerned with a mink-rancher, a maple-sugar-farmer, a duck-raiser, a stock-breeder, two herb-farmers, a pony-raiser, a family of wine-growers, a potato-grower, a cigar-maker, an Episcopal monastery, and a Shaker community. All of these, with the exception of the herb-raisers, are in New York State. Mr. Roueché's theory of composition is to have something to say and to say it. His book is recommended to high-school and college English teachers and to people who enjoy reading good reporting about other people.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

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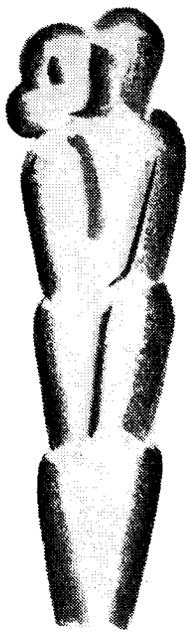

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BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page 11*)

introduction which deals with the forerunners of Elizabethan drama, he takes each of the plays in order. Proceeding with systematic thoroughness, he summarizes Shakespeare's sources before discussing the transmutation of the base material into the stuff of genius. He is familiar, of course, with the vast amount of Shakespearean research and criticism, but he spares the reader chapter and verse; there are practically no footnotes. His point of view is eminently sensible; and like his style it is homely, judicious, and straightforward. If at times his patient progress through the canon of the plays makes the book sound like a Shakespeare course for upper-classmen, that is no disadvantage. The reader of any or no class gains a (re) view of the plays from one important perspective.

CHARACTER AND MOTIVE IN SHAKESPEARE, by J. I. M. Stewart. Longmans. $2.25. In a half dozen essays subtitled "Some Recent Appraisals Examined," Mr. Stewart attacks the theories of the late Robert Bridges, Professor Schücking, and Professor E. E. Stoll. His main contention is that to understand Shakespeare's characters we must be guided not by realistic, theatrical, or literary conventions (as these scholars have been), but by the laws of psychology that govern poetic drama. Among the characters he scrutinizes are Lear, Macbeth, Caesar, Cleopatra, Othello, Iago, Falstaff, and Prince Hal; and he frequently utilizes the new critical insights of anthropology (myth and ritual) and of Freudian psychology, applying them with subtle and sensible moderation. He treats his own antagonists, Professor Stoll especially, with such asperity that sparks will no doubt fly in the scholarly journals. But these essays, aside from their contribution to the industry of Shakespearean criticism, can be recommended to the non-technical reader, for they are themselves fresh appraisals by a bright and witty mind. Under the name of Michael Innes, Mr. Stewart, an Oxford lecturer, writes detective stories too.

HENRY JAMES AND ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: A Record of Friendship and Criticism, edited by Janet Adam Smith. Macmillan. $3.50. This excellent little volume contains all the evidence of the friendship between the two writers. From the time they met (1885), only two years before Stevenson left England, until his death in 1894, they exchanged letters which reflect most felicitously their warm affection and their serious concern with literature. Besides these letters (six of them published for the first time), the volume contains James's essay on the art of fiction and Stevenson's "Humble Remonstrance" to it, and two essays by James on his friend's writing. Miss Smith's lucid introduction discusses their friendship, and the similarities and differences of their attitude toward writing. Her purpose in collecting these materials, most of them already in print, is to deflect to Stevenson's work some of the regard which James enjoys today from a public which is perfectly willing to acknowledge that Stevenson is a fine writer—for the young. Yet in spite of a common devotion to the "art" of writing, of fiction in particular, they moved in different paths. Stevenson's romances, for all the style, atmosphere, and charm he gave them, appeal to the juvenile imagination. His reputation cannot be raised by James's bootstraps. But that does not at all detract from the worth of this fascinating record of a friendship. It is an editorial irony, though, that James's intellect and sensibility shine more brilliantly than his friend's.

THE AGE OF JOHNSON: Essays Presented to Chauncey Brewster Tinker. Yale University Press. $5. Professor Tinker, who retired several years ago, is the American dean of eighteenth-century scholarship in English literature. From his seminar in the age of Johnson a generation of Yale graduate students has gone out to teach and to continue research. To make up a *Festschrift* some of them have now contributed these papers. They are arranged in four groups: "The Club" (referring to the group of intellectual leaders who enjoyed the friendship of the "clubbable" Dr. Johnson), "The Novelists," "The Poets," and "Other Aspects of the Age" (including philosophy, art, typography, music). The thirty-six essays cover the widest range of what may be accomplished through traditional approaches in literary research, and their style is notable for grace and urbanity. As one might expect, their excellence varies, in topic and in treatment, but their motive is uniformly admirable: to honor an outstanding scholar and teacher.

ENGLISH BLAKE, by Bernard Blackstone. Cambridge University Press. $6.50. William Blake will always be a fertile subject for scholars. The mystic "visions" of his prophetic books, along with his crystalline lyrics and powerful drawings make up a body of doctrine which remains fascinating

if only because it can never be charted with definitiveness. "I must Create a System or be enslav'd by another Man's," he wrote. A few years ago Mark Schorer's book analyzed him as a social and political thinker, and before that Denis Saurat related him to modern philosophy and mysticism. Now Dr. Blackstone places him squarely within the context of English thought and society. The first third of "English Blake" is a meticulously documented examination of his life and works. The remainder, entitled "The Everlasting Gospel," is an analysis of the background (morality, education, ethics, religion, art) against which he so eloquently rebelled. Dr. Blackstone himself is in an evangelical mood, and thrusts Blake forward as a religious and ethical teacher whose ideas can provide the salvation for modern life with its spiritual disease. When he confines himself to the biography, the texts, and the background, he is an excellent guide; after that it is a matter of *de gustibus*.

THE ADVENTURES OF LINDAMIRA: A Lady of Quality, edited by Benjamin Boyce. University of Minnesota Press. $3. The English novel arose from many literary sources. One of them was the French romance of the seventeenth century, with its preposterous love intrigues and emotional shadow-boxing. "Lindamira" is a sort of transition piece between these exalted heroics and the bourgeois punctiliousness of Richardson's "Pamela." Issued originally in 1702, it spins out its formless plot by means of Lindamira's letters to her otherwise undistinguished friend Indamora. (Most of the names are borrowed from French romances.) The adventures are monotonously varied, and their characters are stock figures from Restoration comedy and heroic tragedy. At the end, after a burst of intrigue, Lindamira finds happiness (and marriage) in the arms of her beloved Cleomidon. Similar tales of love and tears were related in the *Tatler* and *Spectator* about ten years later, with justifiable brevity and considerably more grace. Still, "Lindamira" makes a pleasant enough period piece. Professor Boyce modernizes the text and supplies a short informative introduction. He overestimates the charm, and probably the import-

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ance, of the book, but that is an understandable excess in an editor. Especially noteworthy are the handsome format and makeup.

JOHN AUBREY AND HIS FRIENDS, by Anthony Powell. Scribner's. $5. To the modern reader John Aubrey is known for his "Brief Lives." In it the seventeenth-century "little Boswell" (as the elder Disraeli called him) set down in pungent phrase and anecdote the lives of some of the worthies of his own and earlier times. He also compiled works on antiquities, archeology, education, astrology, science, heraldry, and folklore. As a member of the Royal Society his many intellectual interests were fanned by the winds of that period that Pepys has so superbly, though so differently, depicted. And finally, with antiquarian solicitude, he bequeathed all his manuscripts and letters to Oxford. Mr. Powell uses them diligently, his method being to let Aubrey speak for himself whenever possible. Hence the biography, embedded with chunks of quotation, moves very slowly; it begins with an implacably detailed account of Aubrey's ancestors and ends with brief lives of his friends. But what it loses in speed it gains in flavor and solidity; and Mr. Powell's own style has something of Aubrey's sly angularity. The bibliographical apparatus and pedigree charts are tucked away in the back, and the text is illustrated by some fine plates, including several of Aubrey's own sketches.

NEW WORLD LITERATURE: Tradition and Revolt in Latin America, by Arturo Torres-Rioseco. University of California Press. $3.75. This is not a systematic literary history, but a collection of eleven essays which deal with some of the significant literary movements and figures of Latin America. Among the movements that Professor Torres sketches are the colonial, the romantic, and the period of French influence; and among the figures are Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, the phenomenal nun poet of Colonial Mexico; "Martín Fierro," the epic Argentine gaucho; Darío, the Nicaraguan poet, and Rodó, the Uruguayan critic and philosopher. The book contains generous quotations from the works discussed, and they are adequately translated in the notes. In spite of its fragmentary nature, this is a stimulating introduction to Latin-American writing because of its author's enthusiasm and catholicity of taste. And it should be an antidote to the provincialism that makes so many of us forget the rich literature that flourishes in the Americas to the south.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

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Seeing Things

PLEASANT AGONY

AT A SEASON'S end, when the country is calling, it may be permissible to talk shop before shutting it up, however temporarily. For four and a half years now, mine has been the privilege, hence the pleasant agony, of filling these pages each week, or almost every week. I say pleasant agony because I know of no other words with which to describe what writing is to me.

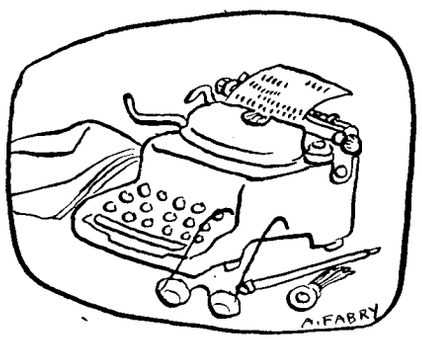
I claim no singularity in this. There may be, there must be, writers to whom writing comes as effortlessly as breathing. There may even be (though I doubt it) writers whose happiness is complete while they are actually writing. But most of us who live by putting words together are not so fortunate. We are tortured while we write and would be tortured were we not allowed to do so. Although when we are done we feel "delivered," as Sainte-Beuve put it, this delirium of delivery is not accomplished without labor pains for which medicine has, as yet, provided no soothing drugs. If all attempts to coerce words into doing what we would have them do are at best painful pleasures, the pains and pleasures of summoning the right words to meet a weekly deadline are of a special kind.

A cook faced with getting dinner when lunch is over knows something of the routine, if not all the anguishes, of a columnist. No mortals, however, have appetites as insatiable as a column's. A column is an omnivorous beast. Its hunger is never appeased. Feed it, and almost at once it demands to be fed again.

Though he used a different image to express this same idea, even Shaw, seemingly the most easeful of writers, knew this. When he abandoned the job of drama critic on London's *Saturday Review*, he protested against the weekly deadlines which had confronted him for nearly four years. He likened himself to a man fighting a windmill. "I have hardly time," wrote he, "to stagger to my feet from the knock-down blow of one sail, when the next strikes me down."

His successor in the same job on that same fortunate magazine shared an identical dislike of deadlines. For twelve years, Max Beerbohm admitted in his valedictory article, Thursdays had been for him the least pleasant day of the week. Why Thursday? Because that was the day, the latest possible one, he set aside each week to get his writing done. On every Wednesday, therefore, he would be engulfed by "a certain sense of oppression, of misgiving, even of dread." It was only on Friday, when once the danger was passed, that the sun would shine again. Then he would move on dancing feet.

I quote my betters to console myself by the reminder that they, too,



knew the pangs of weekly columnizing. Yet the consolation I seek is denied me when I discover, for example, that it took Beerbohm one, and only one, short day of pain to turn out the delectable copy which he could write. Shaw, I am certain, was also a one-day man. I wish I were. I wish even more ardently that I could claim any of the merits which glorify their reviews for what it takes me two, three, or sometimes five days of ceaseless sweating to produce as fodder for these columns.

Beerbohm ascribed his disrelish for the act of writing to "the acute literary conscience" with which he had been cursed. It was this conscience, he maintained, which kept his pen from ever running away with him. I know what he means. Unblessed with any of his gifts, I am none the less cursed with something of his conscience. Beerbohm insisted that "to seem to write with ease and delight is one of the duties which a writer owes to his readers." If he worked hard at his sentences, it was because Beerbohm hoped they would read easily. In other words, he was in complete agreement with Sheridan's "easy writing's vile hard reading." One statement of Beerbohm's I could truthfully apply to my own efforts for the *SRL*. It runs, "I may often have failed in my articles here, to disguise labor. But the effort to disguise it has always been loyally made."

There is a passage in "The Goncourt Journals" which has haunted me since I read it. Envy has kept it green for me, and wonder (or is it disbelief?) has kept it alive. I have in mind Gautier's boast that he never thought about what he was going to write. "I take up my pen," he explained, "and write. I am a man of letters and am presumed to know my job. . . . I throw my sentences into the air and I can be sure that they will come down on their feet, like cats. . . . Look here: here's my script: not a word blotted."

When I think of the one-legged kittens that land on my pages; when I remember the false starts, illegible scribblings, unfinished sentences, discarded drafts, changed constructions, and altered words which mark my beginnings, my continuings, and my endings, I blush with shame and, like the voyagers in Dante's realm, abandon all hope.

In these journalistic days the first word that pops into an author's mind is held to be the acceptable, if not the best, word. We are supposed to smile because Wordsworth, at a day's end, was wearied from his quest for the exact word. But where Wordsworth the man may win a smile, Wordsworth the writer, fatiguing himself by doing what is a writer's duty, is far from laughable. The *mot juste* is not just any word. Even if it eludes its pursuer, the search for it seems to me to remain among the obligations of authorship. Indeed, the true hope of anyone who loves the language and respects it is to stumble upon, not the correct word or phrase, but the word or phrase which is so right that it seems inevitable.

THE word and the phrase are not the only hurdles—and joys—of authorship. The sentence and the paragraph, by means of which points are made, thoughts communicated, emotions transferred, pictures painted, personalities caught, rhythms established, and cadences varied, offer other challenges and should supply their own sources of delight and pride. When so much hurried writing is done for hurried reading, I find it comforting to have Shaw, a veritable geyser with words and ideas, admit in his "Sixteen Self Sketches" how depleting he found his labors as a weekly feuilletonist for ten years. Why? Because, says he, of "taking all the pains I was capable of to get to the bottom of every sentence I wrote."

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occurrences was what happened at Harrow when a boy named Winston Churchill was being "menaced with Education." Three times, he tells us in "A Roving Commission," his backwardness as a classical scholar forced him to remain in the same form and hence repeat the same elementary course in English. "Thus," writes he (and who can question him?), "I got into my bones the essential structure of the ordinary British sentence—which is a noble thing. . . . Naturally I am biased in favor of boys learning English. I would make them all learn English: and then I would let the clever ones learn Latin as an honor, and Greek as a treat. But the only thing I would whip them for would be for not knowing English. I would whip them hard for that." One trembles to think how many of us whose profession is writing would be flogged today if lapses in English, or American, were whippable offenses.

Later on in that same grand book, Churchill has his more precise say on the subtleties, intricacies, and possibilities of the writer's craft. It is his opinion, and one worth heeding, that, "just as the sentence contains one idea in all its fulness, so the paragraph should embrace a distinct episode; and as sentences should follow one another in harmonious sequence, so the paragraphs must fit on to one another like the automatic couplings of railway carriages."

I QUOTE Churchill and these others belonging to the peerage of prose-writers because, for any author with a memory, one of the disheartening and humbling aspects of writing is the recollection, as his own pen moves, of how those whom he admires have faced and solved identical problems. This recollection of what has been done, this sensing of what could and should be done, this awareness of what one hopes to do regardless of whether one can or cannot do it—these are parts of that literary conscience, mentioned by Beerbohm, which keeps a writer's pen from running away with him. I know they are factors in retarding my own pen (meaning my typewriter, pencil, or dictation) even on those happy days when a subject seems to write itself, when sentences come easily, and one paragraph gives way to another.

Style is a strange and mysterious thing. Some contemporary writers appear to get along without it and to want to do so, and most of us rightly disparage it when it shows the effort that has gone into it. Few of us, for example, can read Pater today without being irritated and put off by the deliberate intricacies and

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involutions of his sentences. His style, once held to be a model, remains a model, although as we see it it is one to be avoided rather than followed. Pater could not bring himself to say a simple thing simply. His orchestration is so elaborate that the melody of his thought is lost.

Hazlitt comes closer to present-day tastes. More than being the enemy of the gaudy and "Occult" schools of writing, Hazlitt was not only a champion but at his best a matchless practitioner of "The Familiar Style." Although he had the art to make a long sentence seem short, he knew the value of short sentences. "I hate anything," wrote he, "that occupies more space than it is worth. I hate to see a load of band-boxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without any meaning in them."

The perpetual challenge of writing, the challenge presented by each new sentence is to say exactly what one wants to say exactly as one wants to say it. This is where the anguish of composition mixes with the delights. This is where, too, style, as I see it, comes into the picture. Style is merely the means, chosen or instinctive (doubtless both), by which a writer has his precise say.

Certainly, style is not affectation. Conscious though it may be, when self-conscious it is an obstruction. Its purpose, to my way of thinking, is to give the reader pleasure by sparing him the work which the writer is duty-bound to have done for him. Writers, notwithstanding their hopes or ambitions, may or may not be artists. But there is no excuse for their not being artisans. The style is the man, we are told. True in the final and spiritual sense as this is, style is more than that. It is the writing man *in print*. It is, so to speak, his written voice and, if it is truly his voice, even in print it should be his and his alone. The closer it comes to the illusion of speech, perhaps the better. Yet the closeness of the written word to the spoken can, and in fact should, never be more than an illusion. For the point of the written word is planning, as surely as the charm of the spoken one is its lack of it.

Without shame I confess that, regardless of how unsatisfactory the results may be, I labor when writing these weekly pieces to lighten the labor of those who may read them. That I fail again and again I know to my own chagrin, but I can honestly say I try. I not only rewrite; I often rewrite and rewrite again. I do this though I am well aware that the result is sentences and paragraphs which do not bear rereading. I rewrite partly in longhand, partly by dictation, occasionally sitting down, sometimes walking, but most often snaking my way across the floor on my stomach. My desk, a migratory one, is the small piece of beaverboard I push before me. On it are sheets of typewriter paper darkened with hieroglyphics which must be deciphered immediately to be read at all.

ENDEAVORING to square my writing with my writing conscience, and having to live with the difference between what I would like to have done and am able to do, is one of the reasons why writing is to me an agony, however pleasant. There are other contributors to the pleasures and the agonies of trying to keep these columns fed. Upon these I shall touch next time. Since there is no earthly reason why anyone should be interested, this can be taken as a threat, not a promise. I can delve into these personal problems of authorship only at a season's end. What is more, I find I want to do so. Surely this is as good a reason for writing as any, and a better one than so regular an offender as the conductor of a weekly column can always claim.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

This is the first of two SEEING THINGS *articles on some of the personal problems of columnizing.*

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

A LITERARY GARDEN OF PUNGENT HERBS

To literary-minded housewives who read the *SRL*, this quiz, submitted by Mrs. Arthur Postle, of Richmond, Ind., may be duck soup. But for the culinary untalented (allowing five points for each correct answer) a score of ten is par, twenty is remarkable, and thirty or better is out of this kitchen! To make the going a little easier, a list of the twenty herbs involved in the quotations is appended at the bottom of the quiz. Answers are on page 43.

1. You shall see my orchard, where, in an arbor, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own gaffing with a dish of .....
2. And the manna was as ..... seed, and the color thereof as the color of bdellium.
3. Trefoil, vervain, John's wort, ...
   Hinder witches of their will.
4. What say you to a piece of beef and .....?
5. The savory odor blown,
   Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense
   Than smell of sweetest .....
6. Wel loved he garleek, oynons, and eke .....
   And for to drynken wyn, reed as blood.
7. This plant (.....) imparts a youthful look to the features and if suspended to the pillow it will prevent disagreeable dreams.
8. I know a bank where the wild ..... blows.
9. What woman, however old, has not the bridal-favors and raiment stowed away and packed in ....., in the inmost cupboard of her heart?
10. The ..... tuft that waves its fragrant blossoms over graves.
11. There's fennel for you, and columbines: there's ..... for you.
12. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrits! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and ....., and have omitted weightier matters of the law.
13. Of all the garden herbes none is of greater vertue than .....
14. I have ..... and paeony seed and a pound of garlick, and a farthingworth of fennel-seed, for fasting days.
15. Here's flowers for you: hot lavendar, mints, ... marjoram.
16. What's this that ..... doth smell in thy kiss
    And that with these no other odor is?
17. Seethe much ....., and bathe therin to make thee lusty, lively, joyfull, likeing, and youngly.
18. Purge me with ....., and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
19. The tears in an ..... that should water this sorrow.
20. The ..... for his profit I thus do exalt,
    It strengtheneth drink, and it favoureth malt.

Check-list of Herbs

1. lavendar	6. hop	11. coriander	16. leek
2. rosemary	7. onion	12. mustard	17. caraway
3. hyssop	8. dill	13. myrrh	18. thyme
4. anise	9. basil	14. rue	19. pepper
5. cumin	10. sage	15. fennel	20. savory

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THE MAN IN THE STATUE

(*Continued from page 9*)

with different sensibilities, we are more receptive to a type of fiction whose irregular character is the result neither of indifference nor of ingenuity, but of a deep concern for the poetic idiom used to convey philosophical alternatives of nearly inexpressible scope and seriousness.

IT IS in Goethe's later fiction that the great issues of the nature of man, of his relationship to the world about him, of his range of experience, of his values and responsibilities, pragmatic or transcendental, and the chances of his salvation are most persuasively stated. These works should be re-read and their proximity, not to the diffuse fiction of the romantics but to the intellectual and poetic novels of our own time, will at once become clear. We may even come to see the connection which exists between the view of modern life as Goethe expresses it in "Wilhelm Meister's Travels" and his curious polemics against Newton. In his "Science of Colors" he attacked Newton with a fury that has sometimes amused but more often confounded his critics. We shall not do justice to Goethe if we fail to remember his underlying motives. It is an involved matter, but we need only recognize his central intention: he refused to subscribe to the mathematical premises of Newton's mechanics and insisted instead upon what we might call the regulative function of human perception. Such an easily refutable hypothesis the nineteenth century of course considered unscientific and ludicrous. In turn we, in the light of modern nuclear physics, find it immensely relevant to our own discussion of the shape of the universe and, even more important, the relationship of our human position to scientific pursuits.

If we move from Goethe's scientific premises to their artistic consequences, if we examine the specific technical details as well as the philosophy of some of his poetic works, we will be struck by a remarkable fact: again and again Goethe seeks modes of communication which deny or transcend the validity of the Newtonian universe. Instead, he attempts to develop appropriate symbols for an experience which reflects an ever-increasing tension between order and chaos. To suggest that some of the best productions of Goethe's old age (and even the earlier "Maerchen") remind us of Joyce or Kafka, or of the best contemporary novelists in Germany

Give Me the Morning Star

By Margaret Bartlett

O give me a pair of red-lace shoes
I'm in mourning for my Love . . .
Give me a pair of white kid-gloves
A girdle of gold on a dress
to my knees
Paint my face and my fingernails
And curl my hair like a breeze
O give me a pair of red-lace shoes
I'm in mourning for my Love . . .

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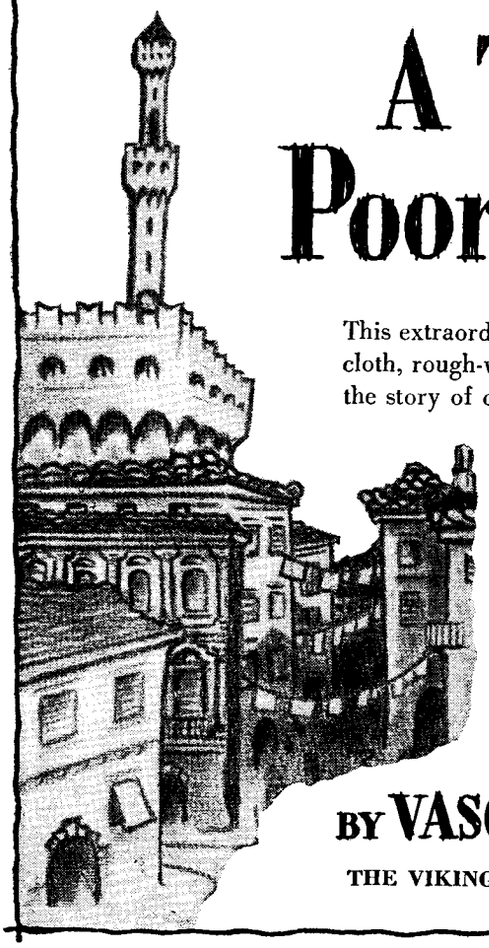

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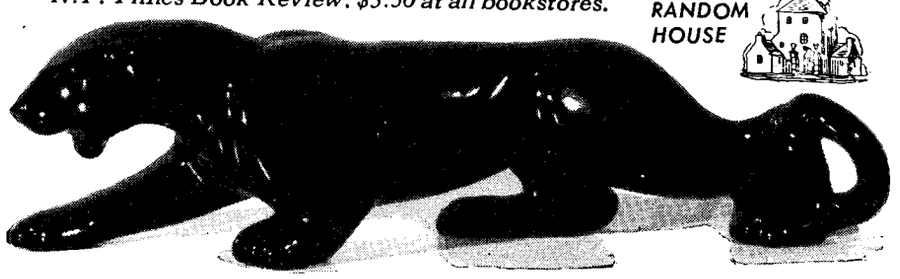
by Walter Van Tilburg Clark

RANDOM HOUSE



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(Elisabeth Langgaesser, Hermann Kasack, Ernst Kreuder) is not to indulge in foolish parallels. Goethe and Kafka are, of course, worlds apart. But if we read one in the light of the other we cannot escape the sense in the later Goethe of a comprehensive historical crisis, of an imminent loss, in his own transitional age, of social and intellectual cohesion. He saw the emergence of forces which to him the poet seemed first of all to require conscientious representation before their humane value could be properly defined. In "Wilhelm Meister's Travels" nearly all supposedly stable positions are challenged, and the book ends if not actually with a vision of America the promised land, certainly with a prophetic anticipation of a new type of man whose characteristic disposition was alertness and mobility sustained by an all-embracing faith in the human being.

This belief in the dignity of man was for Goethe more than a ready-made formula for the sort of enlightened and civilized neutrality which has sometimes kept the liberal man of letters in polite suspension. His sympathies, for instance, with the convictions that brought about the American republic were genuine and articulate. He welcomed them not because they signified democratic rather than aristocratic intentions; he recognized in them the strength of affirmation and he often confessed to his admiration for the American decision to transform a revolutionary vision into the reality of a political order.

In his social and his esthetic thinking Goethe was far from naive. What gave him special vitality was the fact that his spontaneous and intuitive energies, his sensitiveness, and his visual perception were checked and balanced by the subtlest possible intelligence. As poet and critic, acuteness of sight and touch and intellectual discipline were in him never divorced. But it was not only science which kept his extreme potentialities in check; it was also his historical sense. History for him was not redemption; it neither justified nor doomed man's ambitions. It was rather the living evidence of the creative aspirations and the unyielding courage of human beings. He was one of the last of the moderns to be completely immersed in the European tradition as a whole. Yet he was never immobilized by it. We shall have to go a long way before we come across a mind whose awareness of historical and philosophical alternatives did not at the same time paralyze his thinking and his art.

Wisdom and experience were for Goethe not merely stages in a process of maturing, but energies of his person that were always and necessarily acting upon one another. William James in the midst of a period of Goethe idolatry, recognized the unexampled perfection of his faculties:

> he was alive at every pore of his skin, and received every impression in a sort of undistracted leisure; which makes the movement of his mental machinery one of the most extraordinary exhibitions which this planet can ever have witnessed.

Victor Lange is professor of German literature at Cornell University and co-editor of the complete English edition of Goethe's works, to be published by the University of Chicago Press. Professor Lange is a director of the Goethe Bicentennial Foundation and is scheduled to speak at the convocation at Aspen, Colorado.

Literally Speaking

By George Cole and David West

James Shirley: "The Garden"

I' TH' CENTER of my ground compose
Of Bayes and Ewe my Summer room,
Which may so oft as I repose,
Present my Arbour, and my Tombe.

No woman here shall find me out,
Or if a chance do bring one hither,
I'll be secure, for round about
I'll moat it with my eyes foul weather.

No bird shall live within my pale,
To charme me with their shames of Art,
Unlesse some wandring Nightingale
Come here to sing, and break her heart.

Upon whose death I'll try to write
An Epitaph in some funeral stone,
So sad, and true, it may invite
My self to die, and prove mine owne.

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NEW EDITIONS

LIONEL TRILLING'S "Matthew Arnold" (Columbia University Press, $5), first published in 1939, is one of the best studies of its kind that I have read. In it Arnold's stock of ideas, his intellectual and artistic development, and his poetic statements, are lucidly and critically exposed. The man is seen, not against the background of his age, but in the very midst of his age; moved by its ferment, and himself a prime contributor to that ferment,—subject to internal conflicts and tensions that are both intensely personal and typical of his generation. His intellectual biography, as Mr. Trilling has written it —or perceived it—has style and form; qualities which permit the critic to declare: "When a man begins his career in personal confusion and lyric poetry, progresses through literary and political criticism, and arrives at the affirmation of religion, all the charms of symmetry suggest that his work is complete." Within this pattern we see Arnold in all his phases: the young wanderer "between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born"; the celebrant of the Grand Style; the critic who held that "literature depends not upon the effort of the individual but upon the effort of a whole society"; the proponent of "Culture," which was no mere theory, but a social program calculated to save the middle class from itself, and thereby assure the working class a future; the somewhat mystical political philosopher, who believed that the power of an ideal state might be generated from the "best selves" of its citizens; the "liberal of the future" who sought to control the march of a democracy in which he believed, while fearing its grosser potentialities; the mature poet, who no longer questioned but declared; the humanitarian who asked, "who can be *alone* elate, While the world lies forlorn?"; and the religious thinker who, like Robert Elsmere, would "preserve faith through the demolition of dogma, to the end that ethics might emerge and fraternity prevail."

If we understand Arnold's problems and his answers to them, we shall take a long step towards understanding the age of which we are the heirs. In the quest of such understanding, Mr. Trilling has proved himself an invaluable guide.

Another book that may well claim superlatives from the soberest critic is Norman Ault's "Elizabethan Lyrics" (Sloane, $5), chosen and edited from the original texts; for the publishers speak only the exact truth when they say that this volume is "the most scholarly and the most imaginative anthology ever compiled in the rich field of Elizabethan poetry." While scholars rejoice in the range of Mr. Ault's discoveries and the accuracy of his texts, mere lovers of poetry will delight in the myriad-throated voice of such a swarm of singing birds as has graced this earth but once. And, thanks to William Sloane Associates, this new and revised edition is physically worthy of its uniquely beautiful contents.

LEON EDEL has put together an interesting collection, 'The Ghostly Tales of Henry James" (Rutgers University Press, $5), and has furnished the stories with a general introduction and individual explanatory notes. The tales range from feeble, through fair, to excellent, and "The Altar of the Dead" is, as the editor admits, a bit out of line with its companions; but, lumped as they are here, they all serve to make us realize the remarkable hold which ghostly themes had on James's imagination. In connection with Mr. Edel's remarks on "The Turn of the Screw," let me recommend Oliver Evans's "Revaluation" of the same famous yarn, in the February issue of *Partisan Review*.

Helen Waddell's "Medieval Latin Lyrics," which (with the same author's "Peter Abelard" and "The Wandering Scholars") has long been one of my most cherished books, is again in print (Holt, $5). Miss Waddell's translations—miracles of skill and grace, and fine poetry in their own right—are light but strong bridges across which even the feeblest Latinist can make his way to some knowledge of the medieval originals which confront her English versions. Not to know this extraordinary body of poetry is to miss an extraordinary pleasure.

"Sir John Vanbrugh" and "George Farquhar" are lively additions to A. A. Wyn's reprints of the Mermaid Series of Restoration Dramatists ($3 each); while the readable, paper-bound Rinehart editions now include Eliot's "Adam Bede" (75¢), Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" (65¢), and Dickens's "Great Expectations" (75¢).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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The Film Forum

THE AMERICAN WAY

***The Saturday Review's* Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The films reviewed below will be new to most American audiences, in spite of the fact that millions of people around the world were seeing them five years ago. They were produced as part of a general series entitled "The American Scene" in our OWI overseas program designed to tell the true story of life in the United States to people in foreign countries. Now the films have recently been made generally available for noncommercial purposes in our own country. Prints are on sale at the Castle Division of United World Films, Inc., 1445 Park Ave., New York. They are sold at little above the actual cost of reproducing, which means at about half the usual cost of 16mm. documentary films. Your nearby commercial and educational film libraries should soon have most of the series available for rental.*

Some of the best film-making talent went into the production of these films. As a result, the films average a high rating in technical quality, in clarity of purpose and construction, and in educational and entertainment value. Compared with other films which attempt to show phases of our national way of life, they stand almost alone in the blue-ribbon class.

SWEDES IN AMERICA

(16 min.) For sale and rental information, see above.

Ingrid Bergman lends an informally glamourous touch to this film by narrating it and appearing before the camera much of the time. Telling the story as her own search for information about the Swedish people in this country, Miss Bergman first visits the famous Sweden House in New York's Rockefeller Center, where fine Swedish glassware and other imported items are on display. Then at the American-Swedish Museum in the Midwest the camera singles out 'evidences of Swedish-American contributions to our culture and industry. And finally with Miss Bergman we visit "little Sweden"—that lovely Minnesota region where Swedish is taught in the schools, where the town's merchants sweep the sidewalks clean, where Swedish ways have become part of the American way. The film is charming throughout.

VALLEY OF THE TENNESSEE

(30 min.)

The contrasts of poor land and poorer people with the skilled workers and fabulous machines which built the dams of TVA provided excellent material for both camera and sound track, and director Alexander Hammid has made the most of them. But the film is more concerned with the development of attitudes than with material construction. It concentrates on the farmers' reactions to TVA, to the noise and activity, to the new ideas of contour plowing and crop rotation, to tractors and electricity. Their reluctance to participate in something they could not understand, and could hardly be expected to understand, is clearly and frankly shown in the film. But we see also that there are always a few men who become the pioneers, who dare to try something new because among other reasons they have nothing to lose. These men led the way in the valley of the Tennessee. The rest is the history of the rebirth of an entire section of our country, in one of the most impressive experiments ever undertaken anywhere.

THE CUMMINGTON STORY

(21 min.)

The European refugees who settled in the United States during the war had many adjustment problems of their own. This film tells the story of a community—Cummington, Massachusetts—which learned to adjust to these strangers in its midst. The handful of men, women, and children who arrived in Cummington had only one friend to greet them, the minister who was sponsoring their stay in the town. The townspeople were not used to strangers. Strangers were not accepted. But in the course of living closely together, the people of the town self-consciously and slowly open their hearts to the strangers. The directors of the film, Helen Grayson and Larry Madison, are to be congratulated on the skilful way in which difficult emotional attitudes are presented in the film.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

(21 min.)

To foreigners the United States has always been a country without a tradition or a culture of its own. In an attempt to correct that idea, this film focusses upon our Library of Congress and presents it as a symbol of our regard for the noncommercial things in life. Science, painting, music, literature, and history are shown as part of this great institution which has become a kind of national library to which millions of visitors and scholars come each year. The film does a skilful job of compressing the many activities of the Library of Congress into one short film, without getting bogged down in details. Credit for the production belongs to Irving Jacoby, Alexander Hammid, and Irving Lerner, writer, director, and producer respectively. American audiences, by the way, are likely to be even more impressed with the film and with our cultural potentialities than foreign audiences.

—CECILE STARR.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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the Phoenix Nest

ZOOLOGICAL PROBLEMS

I.

O PATCHOULI, sweetest odor,
Are you kin to myrrh and
musk?
Is the forest your abode or
Do you haunt the plains at dusk?

After all, perhaps you're petaled,
Rose-like, scented, decked with
thorns.
Yet I would this thing were settled:
Has your head a bud or horns?

Did you itch where the flea bit you?
Did you ache where the bee sucked?
Did a scythe or shot-gun hit you?
Are you hunted or just plucked?

Beast or briar? Come, confess!
With this question in me welling,
Why should I be asked to guess
What in hell it is I'm smelling?

II.

Terribly
Expensive collar,
In the woods
What were you, fitch?
Does the woodman hear
You holler,
Roar or bark or chirp
Or which?

Are you slothful,
Apish, ratlike?
Do you spring from
Bough to bough?
Did your mother fitch
Escort you
Like a kangaroo?
Or how?

Are you bright-eyed
Or the Babbitt
Of the wilderness,
Poor fitch?
Are you possibly
Just rabbit,
Dyed and fancified
And *kitsch*?

III.

Sheep give wool,
Flax gives linen
And cotton cotton
To our women;
I've seen them grow
And I have been in
Factories for
Weavin', spinnin'.

Georgia cotton,
English wool,
Persia for the
Caracul.

But is it in
The Celebes
That natives
Plant their celanese?
Or are the droves
Of rayon (please)
Fed by friendly
Celanese?

Does the Sphinx
Regard a pylon
Overflowing fields
Of nylon?
Latent latex?
Is it true
That my drawers
Are caoutchouc?

—S. L. M. BARLOW.

POSTLUDE

Any Oriental coolie,
Sam, would tell you that patchouli,
As the words of Webster hint,
Is East Indian shrubby mint.

Yes, and sometimes babes will
blubber
When in pants of Tupian rubber;
Even more, I fear, 'twould hurtcha
If your own were gutta percha!

—ED.

* * *

There is an interesting book on modern poetry due in September, "Pleasure Dome: Reading Modern Poetry," by Lloyd Frankenberg, to be published by Houghton Mifflin. A point that Mr. Frankenberg makes immediately is that "poetry is an art of the ear's discrimination: a heightening of the inflections of prose. Like music, its meanings are conveyed through sound." He thinks "the habit of silent reading" is largely responsible for our feeling that much modern poetry is inscrutable. There is something to that. But then he speaks, as among good readings, of "Robert Frost talking his poems." I have experienced pleasure in hearing Frost talking his poems, but then Robert's are poems you can talk, because the rhythms of them are close to prose rhythms and the conversational element is strong. That is one kind of poetry, and a good kind. Mr. Frankenberg mentions Lindsay and Chesterton among chantable poets. I prefer the chantable for some moods, the conversational for others.

What has surprised me over the years is the positive *badness* with which most poets read their own work, even unusually good work; what a bad ear they seem to have for the sound of their own words, until you wonder how their inner ear could be so different from the ear with which they outwardly hear. I have heard poets mutter and mumble, fumble, mispronounce, slur and wrongly emphasize, and act more self-consciously than any mere school girl at commencement. Of late years I have been collecting a few discs of poets reading. Such voices as that of Léonie Adams (exceptionally beautiful), Archibald MacLeish, Marianne Moore (reading inimitably her *sui generis* verse-essays), my own brother, Mark Van Doren, Alfred Kreymborg (a veteran performer) are outstanding. On the other hand, Edwin Arlington Robinson, a rather great poet, would never read his verse. And who can imagine the abnormally otherworldly Francis Thompson lifting his voice? It is better, in most cases, to have someone who combines a real love and knowledge of poetry with the proper vocal equipment and training, to read the work. Recently I heard such a man read the poetry of John Ciardi, and, in the powerful tone and supple inflections of his voice, bring out the full value of the lines.

Recently also I visited the new Lamont Library at Harvard and, in the poetry room, saw the superb equipment they have for listening to records of poetry read aloud. There are many sets of earphones, and the undergraduates, I understand, are increasingly making use of the machines. All the Library of Congress records, all the records made at Harvard and elsewhere, of poets reading their own work, are available.

One of the most impressive readings I ever listened to was in our own apartment, before a group of poets and other friends. Ridgely Torrence consented to read his "Eye-Witness." The timbre of his own quiet voice was just what the poem needed, and several who heard it testified to a new and profound experience.

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. caraways. "Henry IV." 2. coriander. Numbers XI, 7. 3. dill. Scott: "Guy Mannering." 4. mustard. "The Taming of the Shrew." 5. fennel. "Paradise Lost." 6. lekes. "Canterbury Tales." 7. anise. Pliny: "Natural History." 8. thyme. "A Midsummer Night's Dream." 9. lavendar. Thackeray: "The Virginians." 10. basil. Moore: "Lalla Rookh." 11. rue. "Hamlet." 12. cummin. St. Matthew 23, 23. 13. sage. Thomas Cogan: "Heaven of Health." 14. pepper. "Piers Ployman." 15. savory. "The Winter's Tale." 16. myrrh. Martial: Epigrams. 17. rosemary. William Langham: "Garden of Health." 18. hyssop. Psalms 51, 7. 19. onion. Shakespeare: "Antony and Cleopatra." 20. hop. Tusser: "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandrie."

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(Continued on page 45)

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(Continued from page 44)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 796

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. African guenon monkey allied to the grivet.	19 3 140 39 129 49
B. A common marine food fish of the genus *Menticirrhus*.	34 30 20 141 96 54 90
C. A species of snark (Lewis Carroll's "Hunting of the Snark").	60 99 105 41 72 109
D. Surrender or release, as of a claim (law).	158 5 43 174 84 15
E. An eyestalk.	50 74 37 79 35 147 118 137 83 161 33
F. To rise above.	80 69 64 4 16 131 135 86
G. A loose tunic or surcoat worn in the East, esp. in Malay.	56 177 63 68 151 119
H. Birthplace of Anne Hathaway.	170 2 62 12 29 53 17 87
I. A genus of flightless birds allied to the gallinules (New Zealand).	150 36 144 47 130 148 26 10
J. A native or inhabitant of a state in SE Arabia; capital, Muscat.	171 28 182 93 77
K. Meantime (2 wds.).	183 82 159 128 67 13 173 45
L. Exhausted of energy.	163 85 175 127 81 57
M. Conformed to an established pattern or formalized conception.	32 22 155 176 73 164 115 123 55

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. The Chytroi of the festival Anthesteria (3 wds.; Gr. relig.).	51 40 142 59 106 31 172 91 152 154 120
O. Essay by Thomas Paine (with "The"; 1791).	162 136 157 184 145 27 61 97 132 8 111
P. Thoroughgoing; complete (comp.).	18 42 126 92 58 180 139 112 167
Q. One of an austere order of mendicant friars or hermits (fifteenth century; R. C. Ch.).	14 23 78 88 122 110 121 117
R. An epithet of Aphrodite as goddess of flowers (Gr. relig.).	160 124 104 107 156 6 38
S. A symbolical name for Israel (Bib.).	71 108 7 116 48 134 102 178
T. One of a sect of Gnostics who revered the serpent.	133 44 146 168 113 70
U. Either a first or second category of service in the regular Swedish Army.	125 103 138 100 94 179
V. American Communist who died in Russia and is buried in the Kremlin (1887-1920).	65 75 169 46
W. The nonego (metaph.).	21 11 98 95 181 165 153
X. Quality of being pleasant or agreeable.	24 52 114 143 166 1 66
Y. American journalist and humorist (1824-1903; "Hans Breitmann's Party").	25 101 9 149 89 76

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 X	2 H	3 A	4 F	5 D	■	6 R	7 S	■	8 O	9 Y					
10 I	11 W	■	12 H	13 K	14 Q	15 D	■	16 F	17 H	18 P	19 A	20 B	21 W	22 M	23 Q	24 X								
25 Y	26 I	27 O	28 J	■	29 H	30 B	31 N	32 M	33 E	■	34 B	35 E	36 I	■	37 E	38 R								
39 A	40 N	■	41 C	42 P	43 D	44 T	45 K	46 V	■	47 I	48 S	49 A	■	50 E	51 N	■								
52 X	53 H	54 B	55 M	56 G	57 L	58 P	59 N	■	60 C	61 O	62 H	63 G	64 F	65 V	66 X	■								
67 K	68 G	69 F	70 T	■	71 S	72 C	73 M	74 E	75 V	76 Y	■	77 J	78 Q	79 E	80 F	■								
81 L	82 K	83 E	84 D	■	85 L	86 F	87 H	88 Q	89 Y	90 B	—	91 N	92 P	93 J	■	94 U								
95 W	■	96 B	97 O	■	98 W	99 C	■	100 U	101 Y	■	102 S	103 U	■	104 R	105 C	■								
106 N	107 R	108 S	■	109 C	110 Q	111 O	112 P	113 T	114 X	■	115 M	116 S	117 Q	■	118 E	119 G								
120 N	121 Q	■	122 Q	123 M	124 R	125 U	126 P	127 L	■	128 K	129 A	130 I	131 F	■	132 O	133 T								
134 S	135 F	■	136 O	137 E	138 U	139 P	140 A	141 B	142 N	143 X	144 I	■	145 O	146 T	147 E	148 I								
■	149 Y	150 I	151 G	■	152 N	153 W	■	154 N	155 M	156 R	■	157 O	158 D	159 K	160 R	161 E								
■	162 O	163 L	164 M	165 W	166 X	167 P	168 T	169 V	170 H	■	171 J	172 N	■	173 K	174 D	175 L								
176 M	■	177 G	178 S	179 U	■	180 P	181 W	182 J	183 K	184 O	■	■	■	■	■	■								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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SRL RECORDINGS SECTION

IMPRESSIONS

TO THE various hues of familiar record labels— Victor's red, Columbia's blue, HMV's orange and plum, English Decca's blush pink, Cetra's dark green, and Telefunken's raspberry—has lately been added the canary yellow of Deutsche Grammophon, an ancient name (better known in this country under its export sobriquet of Polydor) and an honored one in phonographic lore. Having absorbed the contents of its first release—noted under various categories in this issue—we welcome them for a twofold reason. First and most apparent, of course, are the additions to the customary repertory thus provided. Even more pertinent, however, is the exceptional quality of these discs, and the commentary thus contained on domestic record making.

It would be a consummation devoutly to be wish'd were some competent engineer—preferably one in the employ of RCA Victor or Columbia—to tell us, in plain terms that a layman (such as myself) can understand, why these records dating to 1943, 1941, and even further back, are so much superior in fidelity, balance, resonance, and sheer musical *enjoyment* to the best work being done in this country today. Is it a matter of standards? If so, why are not ours higher? I can hardly believe it has to do with equipment, for our competence in mechanics, whether concerned with aircraft, motor vehicles, or printing presses, is a subject of infinite self-pride. Or perhaps it is the esthetic sense of our record supervisors, or the real estate in which they conduct their daily labors. Whatever it is, I think some clear and direct answer is in order.

What must be obvious to all is that these German records, whether Deutsche Grammophon or Telefunken, are products of a certain, sure, and unfaltering technique—as are most English Deccas, HMV's, and English Columbias—in contrast to the haphazard, unscientific offerings of our domestic makers. There is little difference between one and another, save that some are extraordinary where others are merely unusual. I can't discern any comparable pattern in domestic record making, save that a fine one occasionally emerges from a uniformly ordinary crop.

I bring these questions to prominence not for any sinister purposes, but rather because the influx of such quality merchandise puts the question squarely to our technicians: can they compete, or must one justify by chauvinism what cannot be matched in quality? Our pages are open to any qualified respondents.

IRVING KOLODIN,
EDITOR, *SRL* RECORDINGS.

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The Saturday Review of Recordings

A Landmark for Landowska

ROLAND GELATT

"MAY I say that I find these new records very impressive?" The speaker was Wanda Landowska, the object of approbation some test pressings from her forthcoming recording of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier," and the pride of accomplishment more than deserved. The year being but half over, predictions are rash. But we feel ourselves on eminently solid ground when we suggest that 1949 will go down in the history of recorded music as the year which saw the initial appearance of Landowska's complete "Forty-Eight." The incidence of a magnum opus with its most appropriate interpreter is seldom consummated with such happy perfection.

Landowska celebrates her seventieth birthday on July 5, but her admirers the world over need suffer no apprehensions on this account. With some artists the diamond jubilee would be tantamount to a fiat that further activity should proceed *rallentando* and *diminuendo.* Not so Landowska, who finds herself at seventy hard at work in the midst of her most ambitious undertaking for the phonograph. We spent the day with Mme. Wanda not long ago at her simple country home in Lakeville, Connecticut, and can assure her well-wishers that she climbs a steep hill with more alacrity than most people one-third her age, that her curiosity and search for perfection are as unflagging as ever.

Birthdays being a time-honored occasion for the backward glance, we asked Mme. Landowska to tell us a bit about her fruitful career. It began in Poland with a pattern not too different from most virtuosos: a musical family, talent discovered at an early age (four, to be exact), years of study (under Kleczenski and Michailowski, both devotees of Chopin), finally the break-away from discipline and emergence as an accomplished artist. But when Wanda Landowska set off on her own at the age of fourteen, her path encountered some unusual turns. For this young pianist had no desire to dazzle concert audiences of Europe

Wanda Landowska—"the incidence of a magnum opus with its most appropriate interpreter."

in the accepted manner. "I have always been in revolt," she told us with obvious satisfaction.

The seed of revolt was Bach. At the close of the nineteenth century this composer had vanished from the piano repertoire. In his place interpreters of the day substituted sham Bachs which went under the names of Bach-Liszt, Bach-Taussig, or Bach-Bülow. The Cantor of Leipzig was then considered an inspired creator of choral and organ masterpieces, but as an artisan of keyboard music he was felt to be somewhat *démodé.* In a word, the late nineteenth century was convinced that Bach had no conception of how to exploit properly the capabilities of the keyboard. Having arrived at this conclusion, however, the virtuoso-composers of the time were not content to let Bach's keyboard writing lie fallow. If Bach's music was out of joint, they would take it upon themselves to set it right.

Almost alone in her belief, Mme. Wanda knew that, far from improving the music, Liszt, Bülow, *et al* had done it immeasurable harm. As a fervent devotee of Bach (Artur Nikisch nicknamed her "Bacchante") she resented the manner in which he had been transformed and transcribed into an overstuffed romantic composer.

BUT in all honesty she had to admit that there was some method to the madness which prompted Liszt to encumber Bach's writing with anachronistic fireworks. For if one played Bach's works on the piano exactly as Bach had written them down, the music just didn't "sound." Landowska's first thought, then, was to play Bach on the instrument for which he wrote: the harpsichord.

"Some people are under the impression," she told us, "that I rediscovered the harpsichord, and that until I appeared on the scene the instrument had been only a museum piece. This is only partly true. Arnold Dolmetsch had already constructed harpsichords for Chickering in Boston and Gaveau in Paris, while the French firms of Erard and Pleyel had also brought out contemporary models of the instrument. But these harpsichords, if I may say so, were only——," Mme. Wanda closed her eyes groping for the right description, "well 'toys' is really not quite accurate, but it will do until we think of a more appropriate word. You see, these harpsichords did not exploit the grandeur and richness which one finds in the masterpieces written for the instrument. Wealthy amateurs would install them in their homes for the performance of easy gavottes and minuets. That is all. The harpsichord then manufactured was a quaint plaything, not a musical instrument in the truest sense.

"In the course of my tours I was able to examine old harpsichords in all the great museums of Europe, and I knew that these little gavotte players were a far cry from the *Roi soleil* of instruments for which Bach and the French clavecinists had written. After much research I brought to the Pleyel firm in Paris the results of my investigation, and they set to work on an instrument in line with my suggestions.

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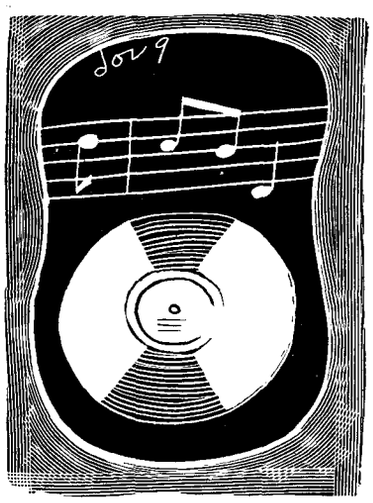
This instrument had several basic advantages over any other modern harpsichord. It was capable of greater brilliance and of more tonal variety, and it was the first modern instrument to give full justice to the sixteen-foot register, that essential set of strings for a deep, resounding bass. My new harpsichord made its debut at a Bach Festival in Breslau. That was in 1912, and Pleyel had to send a workman along with the harpsichord to finish it. The last touches were actually given on the stage in Breslau. How I had to pester them to complete the instrument on schedule! But then I have never had any patience with people who were late."

We managed to convey, as gently as possible, that some critics considered Landowska's harpsichord to be too modern, to possess more brilliance and varied registrations than anything Bach could possibly have possessed. Mme. Wanda shrugged her shoulders. "I cannot sign a guarantee that this is how Bach wanted it. But I feel it to be so. You know, there were no factories in Bach's day, and no standard harpsichord existed. I built mine as a 'symbol' of the early eighteenth-century instrument. To the best of my knowledge it is a faithful re-creation."

THE subject of the harpsichord could have been pursued indefinitely, but our hostess wagged an admonishing finger. "That is enough about the harpsichord. Let us talk about the music I play. For this is what matters."

Constructing the correct instrument was really just a beginning in Landowska's struggle to accord old music its full due. There remained the problem of interpreting the music as Bach and his contemporaries would have done. "I soon learned that this required more than merely giving a literal interpretation of the score. For instance, there was the matter of ornaments. The great French composers, and Bach himself, have written out 'realizations' of their ornamentation. But though they spell out the notes for us, they do not tell at what tempo the notes should be played, or how they should be phrased, or where breathing places should be allowed. This in spite of what Couperin and other musicians have written.



"Then consider the difficulty of filling out the ornamentation of a composition when none is specifically indicated. Many people do not realize that it was the custom of eighteenth-century virtuosos to improvise their own ornamentation. If one plays the *Sarabande or the Passacaille of Handel's* Suite in G minor exactly as it is printed in the Handel Society edition, one will be doing a grave injustice to Handel's intentions. The basic structure must be amplified by the performer. Listen to my recording of this music and you will hear what I mean." We asked whether she arrived at her "improvisations" through research or intuition. "A mixture of both," was the answer. "They are not axiomatic. Another musician will perform them otherwise. That is the charm of this music. It is necessary, though, to have a thorough historical background. I learned to play Bach through early French music. This was the right avenue. But remember one thing: a harpsichordist must have imagination. If he does not possess this priceless quality, he should choose another instrument, or perhaps even another profession."

It would consume the entirety of RECORDINGS were we to set down all that Mme. Wanda told us about the art of playing Bach. She disabused us of the prevalent notion that subtleties of touch have no effect on the harpsichord. It appears that touch can affect harpsichord tone as much as it does piano tone; only the means differ. She explained how she discovered that reverberations and sympathetic vibrations within the harpsichord are the key to its successful use. "The vibrations take the place of the piano's pedal. I have come to exploit them more and more, for otherwise the sound can be very dry." She told us of the importance that imperceptible fluctuations of tempo hold for her. "My playing is very free; but the more I am free, the more I am controlled." She emphasized how every phrase must be studied and practised with the most painstaking care.

"Come, I shall show you what I mean." And we went over to a piano. "I shall play you a simple chord. Bach wrote it vertically, but it should of course be spread out in playing." Landowska sat far back on the chair, relaxed, her eyes almost at the level of the keyboard, and struck the broken chord. It alone would have been worth the 100-mile journey to Lakeville. Each component was weighted precisely so that subsidiary parts spoke with less insistence than basic ones, while in the spacing between notes there were infinitesimal nuances of timing. It can in all truth be said that Mme. Wanda packed more musical meaning into that sonorous chord than many artists do in a complete partita. It spoke, as no words can, of the extraordinary refinement which this great harpsichordist can command, and its vibrant contours still echo in our ears.

DID any reader stumble, perhaps, over the word "piano" above? It is not generally realized that despite her vigorous espousal of the harpsichord Mme. Landowska retains more than a fondness for the piano. We took a chance and asked the Polish expatriate whether she ever played Chopin. We rather expected a stony answer, for the romanticism of Chopin is a far cry from the classic idiom which one associates with Landowska. The reply was gentle. "But of course. I love to play Chopin." This gave Mme. Wanda

(*Continued on page 61*)

My Favorite Records

Wanda Landowska lost a large collection of records as a result of the Nazi invasion of France. She is now rebuilding it in this country. Readers may be surprised at the inclusion of "Porgy and Bess," but Mme. Landowska assured us that she considers this album among her special treasures. She feels that Gershwin is underestimated by serious musicians, and she finds "strong ties between his writing and sixteenth-century lute music." The Solesmes album of Gregorian chant, however, is the recording she values above all others.

GREGORIAN CHANT. *The Solesmes Abbey records.*
DES PRÉS AND OTHERS: *Liturgical music. Dijon Cathedral Choir.*
MONTEVERDI: *Madrigals. The Nadia Boulanger recording.*
POULENC: *"Petites Voix." Robert Shaw and the Victor Chorale.*
FALLA: *"Seven Popular Spanish Songs." Conchita Supervia.*
RAVEL: *"Ma Mère l'Oye." Koussevitsky conducting the Boston Symphony.*
STRAVINSKY: *"Les Noces." Stravinsky conducting.*
VERDI: *Act III Prelude. "La Traviata." Toscanini's old recording with the New York Philharmonic.*
CIMAROSA: *Oboe Concerto. Leon Goosens and Liverpool Philharmonic under Sargent.*
GERSHWIN: *"Porgy and Bess." Sevitzky and the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra.*

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On Playing Music LOUD

EDWIN C. BUXBAUM

AS AN instrument of musical enjoyment, a contributor to intellectual improvement, and a source of quiet relaxation, the phonograph is a boon beyond compare. Whether, at the same time, it promotes domestic felicity is at least open to question. Most males of my acquaintance when probed on the subject—after entering the usual reservations about its radio-active uses for the kiddies' Lone Ranger program, or their wives' interest in the give-away-everything programs — are in agreement that it contributes remarkably little to this important state.

The reason is one not likely to be discussed in those soft-carpeted salons of display where one is invited to hear "the best in reproduction in the finest of furniture"—which may, to your surprise, turn out to be a shoemaker's bench, a drum table, or a lacquered Chinese cabinet with provision to enclose your treasured collection of snuff boxes. Not there will you hear the reasons why you and your wife, who "always got along so nicely," now have differences, even if only acoustical. With their coaxial speakers, high-fidelity amplifiers, boosts, and expanders, these machines can not only play well, but loud.

And, to bring the matter to a head, it is the men who like them loud, the women who like them quiet. I find myself in basic agreement with my friends when I suggest that most women like to play records (or the radio) at a sub-normal volume because they can thus continue their chatter over the music, or above it, or —let us be frank—in spite of it. This leads to the inevitable next question, or questions: Do women really listen to music, or do they merely tolerate it as background to their moods? Is music a part of their experience because it is thought-provoking and soul-satisfying, or merely because it comes out of a "blond" cabinet, or something in Swiss Modern, or Chinese Hepplewhite, and thus adorns the domestic premises? It is hard to say. There are medical men who state that the reasons are physiological, that the female is more sensitive to sound than the male, and that—like such familiar pets of our civilization (I hesitate to say other pets) as the cat and the dog —they are hypersensitive to the upper frequencies and simply cannot endure the blare and blast of the brass, the shimmer of tremolo on the E string, or any good long crescendo.

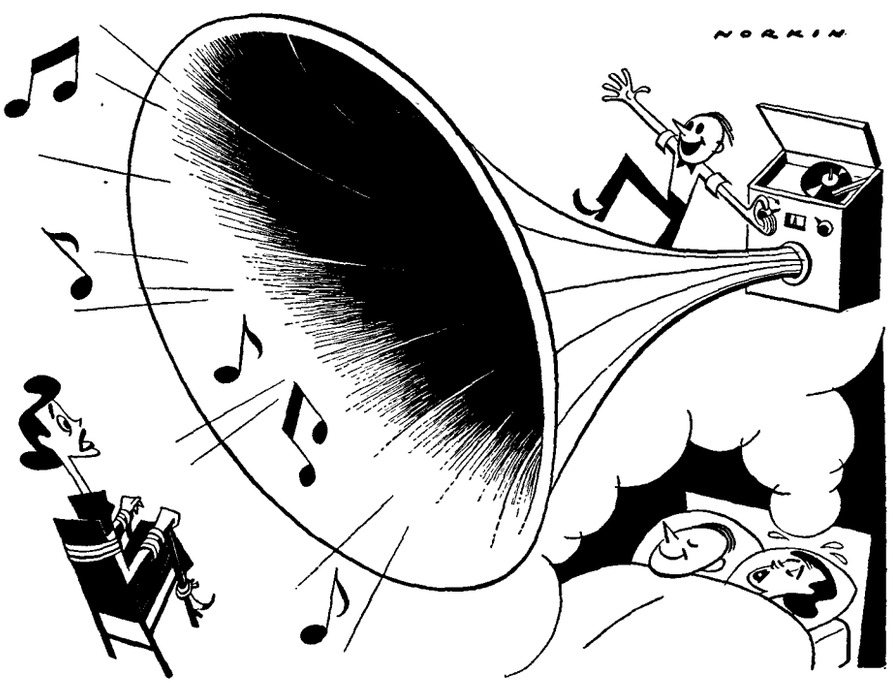
Whatever the reasons for these differences—and I am willing to grant that they may relate to the physiological, the decorative, or the social—they exist, and must be reckoned with. From the appealing "John, would you mind turning that down a little?" to the accusatory "Dear, *must* you have it that loud?"; from the querulous "Must you blast at me like that?" to the denunciatory "I think I'll go into the other room," the gamut is familiar, with variations that are infinite.

Men rarely object to proper volume; not they the ones who retreat the sensitive controls to an ignominious position. They prefer the far position on the right that is generally in the wrong for those they have espoused. What they mainly challenge is the inconsistency of their dearly beloved, who will accept without question normal volume in reproduction so long as it is a flute, a violin, or perhaps a crooner—whose normal volume could disturb no household. The piano, however, treads on dangerous ground; and as for the symphony orchestra, its harmonies can often constitute reasonable grounds for divorce.

As our reproductive instruments are presently constituted, it is impossible to deliver the impact of a symphony orchestra or its components at what might be called the blissful, or hand-in-hand, level. Some manufacturers make contrary claims, but their specifications are not subject to close scrutiny. The strings, yes; the brass, maybe; but what becomes of the clarinet and the oboe, the bassoon and the flute, not to mention the glockenspiel? In the concert hall, all of these reach our ears at a similar level of intensity, but it is a rare record—so rare I haven't yet heard it—on which such nuances of color can be conveyed with the volume control in the retrograde, or female, position.

Let us not tax the engineers with considerations outside their province. Given a conductor engaged with the "Ride of the Valkyries," a competent orchestra, and a resonant hall, are they to lop the top from a climax in order to prevent domestic dissension among a pair of lovebirds they have never seen? Should they close their eyes not only to the clear indications of the score but also their ears to the glorious surge of sound in order to keep Mary from going home to mother? No. They must remain faithful to Richard, and let John fare as best he can.

Perhaps it will be the set makers who will furnish the answer by providing — akin to the dual controls known to training planes and automobiles for beginning drivers—separate panels marked "His" and "Hers." If the sound becomes intolerable as Toscanini measures Tchaikovsky with his ear and prepares him for the fall, "Hers" will shudder a bit and lessen the sound a trifle, without recourse to entreaties or pleas. If this solution is inadequate, there can always be earphones . . . though I hesitate to think of "His" feeling about earphones after investing in push-pull amplifier, variable reluctance pickup, gate circuit noise-suppressor, thirty-watt output, multiple cone speaker, and reflex bass cabinet with infinite baffle. Certainly the baffle would be infinite.



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The Basic Library— Bach: Instrumental Works

Concertos for One Instrument

In the Italian Style. From an imposing list that once included duplicated harpsichord versions by Wanda Landowska and Ralph Kirkpatrick the domestic representation of this great work has sadly dwindled. However, it was the Schnabel performance among these which was clearly unapproachable, and its perpetuation is occasion for gratitude (RCA Victor album 806). This, especially, is true of the slow movement, for which Schnabel's affection is evident and profitable. If there is occasion to believe that he considers the first and last movements as mere parentheses around the substance of the work, one cannot wholly take issue with him. The substance is substantially conveyed.

Why the fine Landowska version on harpsichord should be presently available only as an import (HMV DB 5007/8) I have no way of knowing. In any case, those who are devoted to the work as heard from this instrument should make the effort to obtain it, for er pliant, strong-lined playing of the ast movements is as uncommon as Schnabel's of the andante. Her nominal competitor (in Decca album AU 4) is Sylvia Marlowe, who cannot command any like amount of finesse and variety of tone color. Moreover, Miss Marlowe is partial to a muscular treatment of her instrument which merely results in unpleasant sounds. It should be noted, too, that this is Decca recording of the American variety, a haphazard, limited technique not to be confused with the certainty and resource of English Decca's ffrr.

In D (after Vivaldi). The distinctions already noted between the work of Landowska and Marlowe are applicable here also, with the further fact that this recording by Landowska (RCA Victor album 1181) is considerably more recent than the import mentioned above. Miss Marlowe's is no better than the dullish job of the "Concerto in the Italian Style." In fact, all that may be said of disfavor to Mme. Landowska is the fault of her sponsors, who have made of this album a catch-all of Rameau, Mozart, Scarlatti, etc. Miss Marlowe's performance is to be found in the same Decca album (AU 4).

In D minor (after Vivaldi, Opus 3, No. 11). Hearty work by Ray Lev in a work originally for strings, and also transcribed for organ. The recording is clear, the sound a little clangorous; not without cause in the original playing. Unbreakable discs and quiet surfaces. (Concert Hall.)

Concertos for Orchestra and Clavier

No. 1 in D minor. The advantages and disadvantages of the versions by Eugene Istomin, piano, with the Adolf Busch Chamber Music Players (Columbia album 624) and Edwin Fischer playing the solo part and conducting a chamber orchestra (RCA Victor album 252) are so evenly balanced that an arbitrary choice between them is virtually impossible. Fischer's probing,

well-considered musicianship finds both a challenge and a fulfilment in this music, which he plays with exceptional taste. Istomin has no such intangibles to add to the very tangible fluency and strength of his spirit; but his spirit is the restless one of youth which responds to the spur of Busch's conducting as well as to its restraint. The Istomin piano is clearer, the Busch strings more resonant than those of the Fischer version—which may be, for some, the decisive factor. I would retain the Fischer version if I owned it but take whichever is available if I were buying one now.

Mention should also be made of this concerto as arranged for violin and played by Szigeti with the New Friends of Music Orchestra under Fritz Stiedry. The spirited inflections of Szigeti and the forceful drive of Stiedry will recommend this version to all but the most exacting purists. The recording tends to be a bit too brittle.

No. 5 in F minor. Fischer's able performance with a chamber orchestra (RCA Victor album 786) has no known competitor, and thereby must be accepted for what it is. His inclination to angular lines and metronomical tempos in works of this genre is not persuasive, nor are the largish orchestra and overuse of the pedal additions to the charm of the performance. Tonally, however, it is good.

Concerto for Two Claviers and Orchestra

No. 2 in C. The Schnabels, Artur and Karl Ulrich, are both percussive pianists, a trait of particular disadvantage when multiplied by two. However, the musical values are well realized in RCA Victor album 357, for which Adrian Boult is the conductor, and there is no accessible alternative in pianistic form.

IMPORTS

Those who are nonresponsive to the efforts of Istomin and Fischer in the D minor concerto—or in its violinistic version by Szigeti—are reminded of a fine playing by Harriet Cohen, piano, with a group of Philharmonia Orchestra players directed by Walter Süsskind (English Columbia DX 1312/4). It is certainly the best reproduced of the four versions noted, but otherwise not of overwhelming merit. Searchers for the Concerto No. 4 in A (formerly carried in the RCA Victor catalogue as album 386) will find it played by Edwin Fischer and his chamber orchestra on HMV DB 3081/2.

Similarly, those who prefer the second concerto for two claviers in C played by harpsichords rather than pianos will be interested in the performance of Ruggero Gerlin and Marcelle Charbonnier in Volume Five of the Anthologie Sonore. The players are thoroughly capable, the recording thinner than today's standards admit.

Running somewhat ahead of the categories treated above, I would like to mention the appearance of a superb new version recently arrived from England of the E major concerto for violin and string orchestra employing Gioconda de Vito, a thirtyish Italian instrumentalist, as soloist with an ensemble directed by Anthony Bernard (HMV DB 9370/2). To note that it is stronger violin playing and more affecting musicianship than can be heard in the existing versions of Yehudi Menuhin (formerly in the RCA catalogue but now available as an import, HMV DB 2003/5) or Adolf Busch (Columbia album 530) is to mark Miss De Vito at once as a top-flight violinist. She is all of that and a fine artist as well, as her warm, expressive phrasing in the slow movement affirms. The ensemble, moreover, has the harpsichord continuo in its proper place and prominence, and the recording is considerably superior to the older ones.

—THE EDITOR.

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'Way Down Yonder in Scarsdale

IT IS a pet prejudice of this department that in the popular arts there are still marvels to be seen, but that the view of them is usually totally obscured by the great piles of rubbish heaped up by the twentieth-century, mass-production entertainment factories. In popular music, for instance, we get so depressed by rubber stamps—in every style from hillbilly to bebop—that it sometimes comes as quite a shock to realize that music of quality and ardor is still possible. Last month we saluted the young ragtime pianist Ralph Sutton, and this month, thank heavens, we can exclaim over another young white man who lives, musically, smack in the middle of the colored section. He is the clarinetist and soprano saxophonist Bob Wilber, who made his first stir a few years ago as a pupil of that grand old jazz institution, Sidney Bechet from New Orleans. Wilber has now attained to the capable age of twenty-one and to a truly Louisianian mastery of his instruments. But the big news is his new band—conceived in the New Orleans bandwagon tradition, though he was born and reared in suburban Scarsdale.

Wilber has surrounded himself with the white pianist Dick Wellstood, who has played with him for several years, and with four richly seasoned colored musicians: the trumpeter Henry Goodwin, the trombonist Jimmy Archey, the drummer Tommy Benford, and the historic string bassist Albert "Pops" Foster. This little outfit has produced an album, "Bob Wilber's Jazz Band" (Circle S-24, $3.93), which is fit to stand with the absolute best of small band hot recordings, such as those of Louis Armstrong's Hot Five and the more recent combinations of Bunk Johnson and Kid Ory. While the band's spirit is unmistakably that of the Crescent City, there is, as in the case of all the premier groups, a specific personality. There is hardly room for more than a suggestion here, but if Armstrong's Hot Five was chiefly notable for the wonderful lyric invention of the leader, and Bunk Johnson's band for the warmth and power of its ensemble playing, and Kid Ory's for a certain gaiety and syncopated elegance, then the Bob Wilber combination may be said to be most conspicuous for its staccato attack, the crisp brilliance with which it addresses "Limehouse Blues," "When the Saints Go Marching In," "Sweet Georgia Brown," and a habit-forming number by Sidney Bechet himself, "Coal Black Shine." In this band we have one more example of that captivating blend of musical ease and force and swank which has been the particular gift of the greatest colored performers ever since the minstrel days.

Clearly, Bob Wilber's music proceeds right out of the old minstrel tradition. And how one would love to see a revival of the strict minstrel form with the best available modern talent! For there is still a great deal of first-class minstrelsy around. That is one of the pleasures of life in the bebop age. For example, never having seen her in the movies we come at Judy Garland with practically a virgin ear, and in a new album from her film "In the Good Old Summer Time" (MGM L11, $2.39) we are surprised to find that Hollywood has a magnificent plugger for four excellent minstrel songs—"Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey," "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland," "I Don't Care," and "Play That Barbershop Chord." Garland has rhythm; she has a tough sensuality of voice and a fine, broad style admirably suited to these numbers; her extreme tremolo, which might seem bothersome in more delicate works, is perfectly attuned to the minstrel atmosphere. And so, to change the subject, is the lazy, rhythmic delivery of Johnny Mercer, whose new record, "Island Queen" (Capitol 57-605, 79¢), pleasantly details the advantages of riverboating on the Mississippi.

The type of electric organ popular in certain barrooms has never appealed to us from the standpoint of tone—thin, mechanically reedy, and possibly shunt wound. Nor do we ever remember hearing an artist who, through artistry, has overcome the instrument's intrinsic nature. Readers, however, should perhaps be aware, if not already so, that a trio called The Three Suns, consisting of electric organ, accordion, and guitar, have made themselves a vast reputation during the past decade. Their latest and thoroughly characteristic album, "Busy Fingers" (RCA Victor P-206, $4), may at least be said to contain some prime old favorites: "Dancing Tambourine," "Stumbling," "Eccentric," "Dizzy Fingers," "Doll Dance," "Nola," "Canadian Capers," and "Wedding of the Painted Doll."

Having begun this column in such a glow of admiration for Bob Wilber, it is perhaps inappropriate to end on a morbid note. But we have been struck by the operation of Charlie Barnet's orchestra, with Trudy Richards singing, on the famous old European suicide-song "Gloomy Sunday" (Capitol 57-640, 79¢). The number, to us, is sheer masochism, but we must admit that all concerned in this presentation are skilled technicians and that no one has ever brought such cutting force to the opus as Barnet and his brassy company. It is like acetylene, to say the least. It is calculated to make one feel very bad indeed. And so the month's gamut has been run, from the joy of Bob Wilber's "Coal Black Shine" to the despair in the bowels of Barnet.

—WILDER HOBSON.

—Robert Parent.

"The Bob Wilber combination may be said to be most conspicuous for its staccato attack."

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Reviews of the Month

If there is any place in this land on these warm summer evenings where Reger's "Böcklin" suite, Debussy's "Cinq Poèmes de Charles Baudelaire," half the score of Weber's "Freischütz," or, for that matter, Mozart's Concerto for Bassoon or B flat Serenade (K.361) are being played, the news would be welcome. The month's record releases include them all, plus Walton's "Façade," Prokofieff's "Scythian Suite," and even a "Concerto Grosso" by Vivaldi, which comes to us from Italy by way of Capitol-Telefunken.

The Veritable von Weber

WEBER: *"Der Freischütz" (abridged). Maria Müller (Agathe), August Seider (Max), Georg Hann (Caspar), and Carla Spletter (Aennchen), with Robert Heger conducting the orchestra and chorus of the Städtisches Oper, Berlin* (Deutsche Grammophon album 6, $21.)

Two emotions crowd upon the listener to this superb reproduction of the abridged "Freischütz": pure delight in the dewy-fresh score and its magnificent performance; and equally pure chagrin that our American manufacturers, six years after this was produced in 1943, have not been able to come within several light years of its qualities. Whether or not the legend that it was produced for the special delectation of Hitler and a few dozen favored satellites is founded on fact, this is one of the great recorded performances of opera: to rank with the Glyndebourne "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni," the Désormière "Pelléas," and the Vienna "Rosenkavalier."

I expected notable vocal art of Maria Müller (who appeared in some well-remembered Metropolitan performances of "Der Freischütz" in the late Twenties) and first-rate conducting from Heger (the director, incidentally, of the "Rosenkavalier" previously mentioned); but I freely confess that the power, sweep, and impact of the recording are a revelation. It puts me in mind of an early impression that perhaps Decca's ffrr technique was a prize-of-war "liberated" from Germany; for this is not only the closest match to it I have ever heard, but in some respects—slashing accents, bold contrasts of dynamics, extremes of tonal response—actually superior. To anyone who says "quality zone" to you, play the *last* groove of any of these discs and say: "Well?"

Aside from Müller, who sings impressively, the star vocalist is Hann, whose Caspar is close beside that of Michael Bohnen, generally considered this generation's best; Spletter is a properly ingenueish Aennchen, and

—*Musical America.*

Maria Müller—"a corner on the connoisseur's dollar."

Seider as good a Max as you are likely to hear, Roswaenge or Patzak aside. When there is choral music to be sung, it is equally first class, the same for a viola solo or a flute passage. In all, English Decca has acted wisely in integrating under its aegis the various German issues labeled "Deutsche Grammophon." If they are all of this quality, they will have a corner on the connoisseur's dollar for fair.

There are eight discs in the album but one side is blank; thus on fifteen sides we have something more than an hour of "Freischütz." Time has prevented a score-check, but all the principal arias are included, plus more of the ensembles (plus recitative) than we have ever had on discs before.

Distinguished Debussy

DEBUSSY: *"Cinq Poèmes de Charles Baudelaire." Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, with George Reeves, piano.* (Columbia album 828, $3.95; ML 4158, $4.85, with songs of Bizet, Chabrier, Fauré, Hahn, Poulenc, Ravel, and Satie.)

Whether considered in relation to the LP catalogue, or as two separate albums, this forty or so minutes of singing by Jennie Tourel is a joyous addition to the year's not-too-considerable quantity of exceptional vocal music on discs. The Debussy songs—all of them characteristic, all of them masterful—have not previously been recorded as an entity (Teyte has done "Le jet d'eau"); and among the other group of nine only the "Vocalise" of Ravel is actually familiar, while four of the other eight have not been recorded before.

What makes Mme. Tourel's singing of the Debussy really arresting is, I think, the rarity of hearing a voice of such power, richness, and resources used with so much subtlety and skill. The voice we expect from the young and inexperienced; the subtlety and skill from those with the frayed vocal chords. Note here a vocal artist who has learned to use what she has while what she has is worth using. Though early Debussy (1887-89 are their years of origin), and contaminated—according to the Claudophiles—by influences of Wagner, Borodin, and others, I find them utterly beguiling and utterly personal. The titles are "Le Balcon," "Harmonie du soir," "Le jet d'eau," "Recueillement," and "La mort des amants."

The incidence of material with manner is not quite so consistent in the overside of the LP, but there is hardly an enthusiast for vocal art who will not welcome these splendidly sung, well-recorded new versions of Bizet's "Adieu de l'hôtesse arabe" (once favored by Supervia), Chabrier's "Romance de l'étoile," the "Trois poèmes d'un jour" of Fauré, Hahn's "Si mes vers avaient des ailes," Poulenc's "Air vif" and "Voyage à Paris," Satie's "Le Chapelier" and "Je te veux," as well as the more conventional "Vocalise" of Ravel. Mme. Tourel has been uncommonly fortunate in her accompanists: both Erich Itor Kahn and George Reeves providing her with pianistic assistance worthy of her singing. The clean, strong recording blasts a bit on the LP.

Modes in Mozart

MOZART: *Serenade in B flat, K. 361. Serge Koussevitzky directing an ensemble from the Boston Symphony.* (RCA Victor album 1303, $6.)

MOZART: *Concerto for Bassoon, K. 191. Leonard Sharrow, bassoon, with the NBC Orchestra conducted by Arturo Toscanini.* (RCA Victor album 1304, $2.40.)

MOZART: *Sonata in B flat, K. 454. Georg Kulenkampff, violin, with Georg Solti, piano.* (English Decca album 108, $7.)

It is, I suppose, enough to note the attention of RCA Victor to these ex-

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ceptional works, to accept the deed for the spirit in which it is offered. But cordial as I feel toward such endeavors, I must also note that some details related to the musical character of these works has escaped both the celebrated maestros who are concerned with them.

I don't imagine anybody at RCA has listened to the superb version of this same Serenade that its affiliate in England produced recently by way of Vienna, with Furtwängler directing an ensemble of Vienna Philharmonic players. If they have, they may—in an unguarded moment—agree with me that what is consequential in the Furtwängler playing is merely decorative in the Koussevitzky. Where Furtwängler's musicians play crisply, Koussevitzky's play curtly; the swelling fervor of the Vienna performers is, with the Boston men, merely an alternation of fortes and pianos. I don't doubt that they are, individually, of as high a degree of talent; but I find too insistent an accent on manner in their work at the cost to content. I remember a thrill of ecstasy at hearing this same performance at Tanglewood in the summer of 1946; but I learned a lot more about the music from the HMV discs when they appeared. Those not burdened by such comparisons could, conceivably, enjoy this playing enormously; it is merely not as good as it might be.

In the bassoon concerto the line of distinction between the one in which Sharrow is the nominal soloist and the previous standard of Oubradous is much narrower. I say "nominal soloist" for Sharrow, since it is very clear (to me, at any rate) that he is actually one more instrument in the orchestra directed by Toscanini. That is one respect in which I preferred the playing of Oubradous, for he was master of his own impulses, as a soloist should be, and not liege to the conductor. For another detail, the tone of the bassoon as projected by Oubradous was far warmer, more supple, of richer resonance and color than the over-sized bazooka manipulated with great dexterity by Sharrow. Finally, there is a degree of high spirits, playfulness even, in this music which Toscanini cannot abide. I recognize the organized nuances, the gleaming perfection of the ensemble as he conceives it, but I find it all a little machine-made and essentially dull. The recording is good, but there is surprisingly much more presence in the Oubradous.

The late Kulenkampff and his piano-playing partner, Solti, make a neat ensemble in this sonata, one of Mozart's greatest for violin and piano. Both are men of musical distinction, but a shade decorous, a mite circumspect for music of this lyric inspiration and flow. The playing is good as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. It is a rarity, however, to hear their kind of balance so justly preserved in a reproduction.

The Unacademic Reger

REGER: *"Böcklin Suite," Opus 128. Joseph Keilberth conducting the German Philharmonic Orchestra of Prague.* (Capitol-Telefunken album ECL 8007, $5.)

Granted a life span comparable, say, to that of Richard Strauss, Max Reger might be among us today, honored as a venerable but junior reminder of Germany's musical glory. For it is startling to be informed by the documentation incidental to this album that Reger was born ten years later than Strauss and was only forty-three when he died in 1916, having accomplished works more numerous in opus numbers than Beethoven, among which are a few unquestionable masterpieces.

After a week end's acquaintance with this suite—which I have never heard before, nor seen on a concert program—I am inclined to put it among the best of Reger known to me. The derivation from Böcklin may be of consequence to those who know his pictures, but a consideration of these brief tonal vignettes purely as music is wholly creditable to Reger. They show an unmistakable influence of Wagner, of course; but also a resistance to his magnetism that may be attributed to Mahler's personality. There is far more sparkle in the orchestration than in anything else of Reger's I have ever heard, also a creative impulse which relegates to a secondary place the technical manipulation for which he is most familiar. This music is pure gold compared to the dross of the composer's better-known "Variations on a Theme by Mozart" (see page 57).

The Böcklin pictures include the famous "Toteninsel" (which inspired Rachmaninoff's "Isle of the Dead"), "The Fiddling Hermit," "Sport of the Waves," and "Bacchanale." To my ears, the waves are not very sportive as tossed by Reger, but the other sections are full of musical imagery and artistic mastery. Together they comprise an integrated suite, with the "Fiddling Hermit" as a slowish first section, the "Waves" as a scherzo, the "Isle of the Dead" as impassioned slow movement, and the "Bacchanale" as a rousing finale. Keilberth is a conductor previously unknown, but he does excellent work in this suite. The orchestral playing is as good as one would care to hear, and the recording is very clear, boldly etched in dynamic contrasts. There is a trace, a soupçon, of harshness in the strings, but for those who don't like it, that much dryness is as troublesome as a like amount of garlic. Also, the top of some climaxes appears to be truncated, as if they might blast at full force. The recording dates from late 1944 or early 1945, when the Germans occupying Prague were beginning to ready themselves for a hasty withdrawal.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

—*The Bettmann Archive.*

Max Reger—"brief tonal vignettes . . . full of musical imagery and artistic mastery." (Caricatures by Wilhelm Thielmann.)

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Recordings Reports on Classical Releases

See Page 65 for Pop Report

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Debussy: "La Mer." Brussels Radio Symphony conducted by Franz André. Capitol-Telefunken album ECL 8006, $5.	A more than dubious choice for reissue, not only for the limited abilities of the Brussels orchestra and its conductor, but for the rather formidable standards in this music established by Koussevitzky and Munch. If you are collecting "La Mers" yes; otherwise definitely no.
Delibes: Ballet Excerpts. Fabian Sevitzky conducting the Indianapolis Symphony Orchesta. RCA Victor album 1305, $7.25.	Clear recording of strongly accented performances of the expectable excerpts from "Coppelia" and "Sylvia." Where the material is duplicated, I prefer the more relaxed manner of Constant Lambert, currently on LP ML4145. Sevitzky's "Cortège de Bacchus" from "Sylvia" is a brilliant little exploit on its own, however.
Dowland: "Flow My Tears." Aksel Schiotz, tenor, with Jytte Gorki Schmidt, guitar. RCA Victor 12-0924, $1.25.	A favorite for long with the import fanciers now cleared for domestic service, this and its partners "Shall I Sue?" and "Now Cease My Wandering Eyes" are equally impressive as examples of Dowland's lyric style, the voice of Schiotz, or his ability to deliver an English text in a rarified way. First-class recording, though the 45 rpm (49-0406) undervalues it.
Gounod: "O Ma Belle Rebelle." Gerard Souzay, baritone, with Jacqueline Bonneau, piano. English Decca K191, $2.10.	An uncommonly artful song introduces the fine lyric voice of Souzay, a baritone in the French tradition of Journet, Panzéra, etc., though he is lighter than any of these. A sensitive artist, of whom much may be expected in the future. Two brief songs of Gounod—"A La Brise" and "Quanti Mai"—are the overside, in a surprising Italian text.
Handel: "Ombra mai fu" ("Serse") Kathleen Ferrier, contralto, with orchestra directed by Sir Malcolm Sargent. English Decca K2135, $2.10.	Noble style and resonant voice from Miss Ferrier, in a version of this air for which some of us have been waiting a decade to hear. Proper support is provided by Sargent's orchestral direction. However, Decca has disappointed us in pairing it with a no more than routine singing of "Where'er you walk" by tenor Richard Lewis. At these prices the least the listener may expect is two sides of *Ferrier, where Ferrier is the attraction.*
Liszt: "Ricordanza." Egon Petri, piano. Columbia 72792, $1.	Just when one decides that this is mere pianistic rhetoric, a bit of affecting music creeps in; and as one veers to an appreciation of it the rhetoric returns, gaudier than before. Petri, however, is master of both. Good piano sound.
Mozart: Quintets in C minor (K.406) and D (K.593). Budapest Quartet with Milton Katims, viola. Columbia LP ML4143, $4.85.	I am more partial to the D major quintet (a reissue, in LP pairing, of Columbia album 708) than I am to the weakish C minor, which was originally for wind quintet, and only occasionally suitable for strings. The D major, however, is an abiding joy, and both are superbly performed. The LP sound, incidentally, is formidable in quantity and remarkably realistic in timbre.
Prokofieff: "Scythian Suite." Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia LP ML4142, $4.85.	From the Defauw performance of two years back with the Chicago Symphony I remember more than the mere coloristic effects that Ormandy finds in this score. These, however, are masterfully delivered by the superb instrumentalists in one of the best demonstrations to date of the LP system's utility in dazzling orchestral effects. (Its long-playing partner is Respighi's "Feste Romane," an Ormandy issue of late 1947).
Strauss: "Rosenkavalier" Waltzes. Richard Strauss conducting the Bayerisches Staatsorchester. Deutsche Grammophon 67729, $2.50.	The notable factor here is the directing hand of Strauss himself, in an arrangement of waltzes from Act III of his opera which, to my knowledge, has not been duplicated elsewhere. Tender, if not too rhythmic, supervision by the master hand, reproduced with sonority and fine balance (c.1941).
Stravinsky: "Divertimento." Ida Haendel, violin, with Ivor Newton, piano. English Decca album 109, $7.35.	Artful work by Miss Haendel in the Dushkin-inspired transcription by the composer based on his "Baiser de la Fée." Being possessed of an active imagination, I can imagine what Stravinsky would say of an *unauthorized* but similarly inappropriate treatment of his orchestral score. Anybody in favor of transcribing Tchaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty" ballet score for violin? The prosecution rests.
Verdi: "Dormirò sol nel manto" ("Don Carlos"). Ezio Pinza, basso, with orchestra conducted by Fausto Cleva. Columbia 72802, $1.05.	The substantial voice of Pinza in a substantial scene from a much-admired, little-performed opera of Verdi—in which the melodic genius of the early Verdi is joined with an atmospheric pattern singularly suggestive of "Era la notte" in the much later "Otello." Magnificent declamation by Pinza, and a brilliant registration of same by Columbia's technicians. Cleva deserves a credit mark for his able conducting.
Vivaldi: "Concerto Grosso" in G minor (Opus 3, No. 2). Antonio Guarnieri conducting the orchestra of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino. Capitol-Telefunken album ECL 8005, $3.75.	Music of spacious design and emotional variety, of which Guarnieri seems to be the only interpreter on records. He uses the Molinari version, in a playing notable for both breadth and delicacy. Some of the solo string sound is attenuated, but it is, generally speaking, a recording success. As in some of the other Capitol-Telefunken "dubs" from German masters, there is a loss in resonance from what one may surmise was the original sound. As an exception to the usual good surfaces, Part Three has a pronounced swish toward the innermost grooves.
Wieniawski: "Scherzo-Tarentelle." Yehudi Menuhin, violin, with Gerald Moore, piano. RCA Victor 12-0922, $1.25.	A violinist's delight played with the perfection of technique and robust tone by Menuhin on a virtuoso's holiday. The European recording is a boon both to his playing of this and the overside "Habanera" by Sarasate, also for the collaboration by the impeccable Gerald Moore. The 45 rpm is especially dazzling in the harmonics of the Sarasate.
Wilson, A. Lane: "My Lovely Celia" and other arrangements of folk songs. Robert Merrill, baritone, with Leila Edwards, piano. RCA Victor album 1306, $4.	There can be no quarrel at all with Merrill's selection of this song and "Phyllis Has Such Charming Graces," "Mary of Allendale," and "Come Let's Be Merry" in arrangements by Wilson, plus "Down by the Sally Gardens" and "Oliver Cromwell" (the first arranged by Hughes, the second by Britten) for an album of English folk material. Technically, they are all well sung, with robust voice and clear enunciation of the texts; also with a rather plodding manner and little subtlety of style. Phyllis may have the charming graces described in the text, but Merrill doesn't seem much impressed with them. However, the arrangements are all excellent, as is the recording.

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On Second Hearing

Sovereign Agathe

WEBER: *"Einst träumte meiner sel'gen Base" ("Der Freischütz"). Erna Sack, soprano, with orchestra directed by Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt.* (Capitol-Telefunken 77-80035, $1.) *The same. Hilde Gueden, with Berlin State Opera Orchestra.* (Deutsche Grammophon, LM 68066, $2.50.)

WEBER: *"Wie nahte mir der Schlummer" ("Der Freischütz"). Tiana Lemnitz, soprano, with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra.* (Deutsche Grammophon EM 15081, $2.50.)

For those who share my affection for the art of Carl Maria von Weber, this can hardly be less than a gilded month: with the appearance not only of the famous "abridged" version of the "Freischütz" score, but also of these exceptional excerpts. With the exception of the Ljuba Welitsch version of the same scene sung by Lemnitz, they are the first we have had in a considerable time.

Those who have been for long proclaiming the musical as well as the mechanical abilities of Miss Sack will find me—for about the first time—in complete accord with them. She delivers the line of this music with undeviating accuracy (which may be expected) plus a degree of character projection not at all common. In addition, the recording is remarkably good, down to the detail of an unnamed virtuoso who plays the cello flourishes in the orchestra with fine tone and equal spirit. As luck would have it, I find the just-arrived version of the same aria by Hilde Gueden (1942) no less deft, sung in richer tones and reproduced with a good deal more presence and orchestral detail. Here is a singer whose future may be watched with interest, for she plainly has outstanding gifts.

Mme. Lemnitz's singing of the famous "Leise, leise" has for long been one of her specialties, accorded the honor of rank beside the great Agathe of our time, Lotte Lehmann. This version finds her in prime vocal condition, the total of sound measurably superior either to the Welitsch disc noted above, or to its predecessor in the Columbia catalogue, some months ago, by Polyna Stoska. I am devoted to the talents of both Mmes. Welistch and Stoska, but they are hardly more than neophytes in this manner of which Mme. Lemnitz is a complete sovereign. Those who remember its American counterpart on Brunswick 95032 will find this the original of which that was the carbon copy (and not too good a one) minus the abrasive surfaces. I have just compared them, and note again the ffrr precedents in this recording engraved as "Mechan. Copt. 1936." The current copy lacks the name of Leo Blech as conductor, which appeared on the Brunswick.

Masterful "Meistersinger"

WAGNER: *Prelude, "Die Meistersinger." Willem Mengelberg conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam.* (Capitol - Telefunken 89-80036, $1.25.)

For a proper frame of reference for this imperious, declamatory performance one must relate it on one side to the muscular, clean-lined interpretation of Toscanini with the NBC Orchestra, on the other to the celebrated old recording of Karl Muck with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra (RCA Victor 6858/9, cut out). Temperamentally I would say it is more nearly akin to Muck than it is to Toscanini: always with the understanding that it is, essentially, akin to no one but Mengelberg (and through him to Wagner). Of its spacious type the Mengelberg is as exceptional as Toscanini's is of the incisive.

Recalling some dismally distorted and over-accentuated records Mengelberg had made early in the Thirties, I approached this one with more than a little apprehension; only to find that it was as musicianly as it was magnificent, with a steady rhythmic pulse to accord with the flush of health in the sound of the music. That sound, incidentally, was engraved with a little less force than we are accustomed to hear these days, but the listener may compensate for this by turning his volume control up a notch. With adequate compensation, this record will offer impressive evidence of the excellent work the Telefunken technicians were doing c. 1941.

Strauss in Potpourri

STRAUSS: *Excerpts from "Fledermaus," "Zigeunerbaron," and "Nacht in Venedig." Erna Berger, Anna Gura, and Anna Frind, sopranos, Peter Anders and Friedrich Eugen Engels, tenors, and Eugen Fuchs, baritone, with orchestras conducted by Johannes Schüler and Wilhelm Franz Reuss.* (Capitol-Telefunken album ECL 8008, $5.)

First hearings for these discs—as accurately as I can remember—date to 1938, before Berger was a singer of repute in Mozart, when Fuchs was a man I had encountered by chance on a "Bartered Bride" disc of German origin in which the lushly lyrical tenor was Charles Kullman. Potpourris are ever unsatisfactory things: too little if they are any good, too much if they are not. These do not escape such generalization, though it is mostly of the favorable kind—a desire for more than is offered. This is especially true of the "Zigeunerbaron," in which Gura and Anders are a most attractive team.

Generally speaking, the reproduction is extremely good, though some flaws in the dubbing may be noticed. A fade-in technique appears to have been used at the beginning of the second sides, so that each rushes into a crescendo at the very outset. However, that is soon over. What is more noticeable is the monitoring, leading to some odd fluctuations of prominence for solo voices and orchestra unless an expander circuit is utilized to keep it reasonably uniform. Musically, however, it is all of high excellence.

Ungraceful Reger

REGER: *"Variations on a Theme by Mozart." Eduard van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam.* (Deutsche Grammophon album 2, $13.50.)

Whether this work is properly to be included under Mozart or Reger is a consideration appropriate to a month in which both are represented on discs. However, the initial attention to Mozart (the quotation of the theme from his A major sonata) is thereafter so fleeting that it is hardly more than the springboard from which Reger takes a long, high, and, to my view, ungraceful dive. A meandering pretentious affair, rather needlessly prolonged by Van Beinum's lethargic tempos. As I recall the prewar Böhm-Saxon State version, the tempos were more suitable to the style of writing. Fine clarity in this 1943 recording, when the orchestra was inferior to both its pre- and postwar quality. —I. K.

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Report on LP: The Transfer Problem

PRECEDING articles in this series were intended to demonstrate that the long-playing, 33 rpm, microgroove record introduced by Columbia, for convenience called LP, has decided advantages over conventional 78 rpm records besides the initial overwhelming advantage of long duration and its concomitant virtues. LP's wear better than 78 shellacked discs in ordinary use; they have a deeper and smoother base and an extended and sharper treble. This seems to be true even in those LP discs which in one way or another fail to meet their own standards consistently, for in the recording of a large repertory the results have not been uniformly happy.

It is noticeable, however, that later editions tend to a greater uniformity of excellence; the Columbia engineers have gained in knowledge and address. Improper tracking (groove-jumping), which had some worrisome frequency in the earlier discs, has become an accidental rarity. There are fewer artificial variations in volume level. The bass, very strong on LP, has in recent issues caused no difficulties. It is not bold to predict that LP's, recorded from this time on, will sound (on phonographs equipped to equalize the characteristic rise and fall of LP frequencies) almost invariably better than most domestic recordings.

Until recently LP's with minor exception were recorded at 33 rpm with microgroove impression in mind. We now have a flood of LP's originally recorded at 78 rpm with no thought of microgroove issuance. Obviously, if this extension of LP is successful, its repertorial possibilities are enormously inviting. Thus if the microgrooves could improve the quality of certain unique recordings now on short-playing discs, even the best of these would assume a musical value they never had, and a permanence which is their right. The Glyndebourne Mozart, for example; works by Rachmaninoff, Bartók, and Ravel in whose performances the composers participated. (It seems hardly likely that RCA Victor will long resist the LP principle; for this great company, in making short-playing records more attractive and convenient, has made the short-playing principle more repulsive.) Can LP preserve or improve the quality of 78 recordings?

In the eight under consideration here LP shows it can and has. The improvement in tonal quality is consistently audible, despite some errant moments, and this achievement is not a trifle. The supervising engineers had to expand what was barely audible on 78 to a suitable intensity on 33; they had to reduce what was overemphasized on the original to a smaller proportion on the imitation. They had to modify and blend the characteristics of a recording made by one system into the characteristics of a different system, with all the possibilities of distortion inherent in such a transfer. They had to cope with a multiplied background noise, and they had to expunge the breaks between the 78 rpm sides so skilfully that auditors could not discover where they had been.

The four Columbia LP's (CHOPIN: *Second Concerto, Malcuzynski with Kletzki and the Philharmonia Orchestra,* ML 4135; LISZT: *Second Concerto, Malcuzynski with Süsskind and the Philharmonia Orchestra, plus* DOHNANYI: *"Nursery Variations," Cyril Smith with Sargent and the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra,* ML 4146; DELIBES: *Excerpts from "Coppelia," Lambert and the Royal Opera Orchestra,* ML 4145; *Tchaikovsky:* "Sleeping *Beauty". Excerpts, Lambert and the Royal Opera Orchestra, plus* GOUNOD: *Ballet Music from "Faust," Weldon and the City of Birmingham Orchestra,* ML 4136) were originally 78's in uniformly excellent British recordings. The address of the Columbia engineers is corroborated by the fact that all four are now uniformly excellent American microgrooves, very much of a piece in three-dimensional reproduction. Somewhat below the very high level of the best microgrooves (SCHUBERT: *Symphony No. 9*), they are somewhat above the expected quality of American 78's in this three-dimensional aspect, in distinctness of timbre, and in balance of groups. The brass in "Coppelia" is notable, the bass steady on all these records, and in the three works featuring piano and orchestra the solo instrument is heard to a tonal advantage very seldom associated with American 78's.

The other four works—on five records—represent four different companies entering the field of LP for the first time, and with recordings intended originally only for 78 rpm discs. The first and largest of these is Verdi's "Forza del Destino," imported from Italy by Cetra and re-recorded upon two LP's by Columbia as Cetra 50,001-2. The familiar Columbia virtues are here, particularly in the matter of clear vocal enunciation, a strong LP feature. The original recording antedates the four Columbias above by

Comparisons, LP with 78

DVORAK: *Symphony No. 4 in G, Opus 88. Bruno Walter conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* (78 rpm in Columbia album 770, $5. LP on Columbia ML 4119, $4.85. Duration 30m. Cpm: 78 rpm, 16.67; LP, 16.17.)

On the LP all the orchestral choirs have a slight, almost imperceptible advantage over the 78 in details of crispness and clarity. Added together, the little advantages have a large advantage in homogeneity, and display the very ingratiating quality of the Philharmonic-Symphony mass to a degree that the 78, a good standard recording, does not. The LP is decidedly, if inconspicuously, superior.

MOZART: *Quintet in C, K.515. Budapest Quartet with Milton Katims, viola* (78 rpm in Columbia album 586, $5. LP on Columbia ML 4034, $4.85. Duration 30m 18s. Cpm: 78 rpm, 16.50; LP, 16.01.)

The tone of 78 is coarse and impure when louder than *mf*. The cello is dry and the violas are insipid. LP is suave at the depths and jeweled on high, not only far better than 78 but delectable recording of chamber music.

FALLA: *"El Amor Brujo." Fritz Reiner conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, with Carol Brice.* (78 rpm in Columbia album 633, $4. LP on Columbia ML 2006, $3.85. Duration 22m 40s. Cpm: 78 rpm, 17.64; LP, 16.98.)

For the average phonograph the LP is recommended. For phonographs of extended range, either version will sound out in glittering splendor if the treble control is turned up for the 78 and down for the LP. —C.G.B.

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some years, and the LP "Forza" may not properly be judged so fine as those, but it is a good reproduction of large vocal and instrumental masses, better than would be expected on 78's by current American standards.

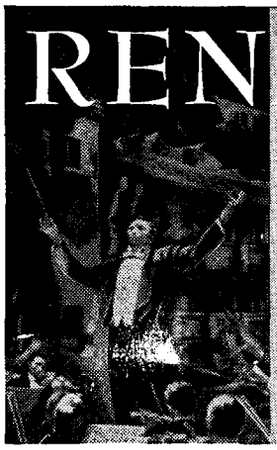
Mercury has put Khachaturian's Violin Concerto on an LP disc, No. MG 10000. The work is played by David Oistrakh with the Russian State Orchestra conducted by Alexander Gauk. The 78 rpm version was never recognized as an outstanding example of recording technique, but the LP offers an arresting experience. The astonishing tonal versatility of Comrade Oistrakh—whose fiddle is flute, bugle, cello, nightingale, and dervish when it is not shimmering violin—is projected with a jeweled clarity that makes it impossible ever to mistake this violinist for any other. Admittedly, this is in part attributable to the prominence of the instrument at the expense of the orchestra; but the whole recording texture is vivid except for a bass a little fluffy, which probably reflects acoustical conditions in the recording hall. This is not the best of the records noticed here, but the LP metamorphosis shows the greatest change.

Schubert's Quartet in E Flat, Opus 125, No. 1, played by the Guilet Quartet, has been issued by the Concert Hall Society in a microgroove version of dark and rich fabric. The recording does not show the rough edges we dread in string quartets, and requires little equalization when used with a reluctance pickup. A good accomplishment; but the LP purpose would have been better realized had the disc been cut with thinner lands, which would have permitted the music to have been put upon a single side.

Except for one painful slip, the Vox record (VLP 6500) of Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 9, in E Flat, K 271, could be recommended as adroit doctoring of a doubtful subject. The pianist is Gaby Casadesus and the orchestra that of the Concerts Lamoureux, conducted by Paul Paray. Both are well reproduced, for the roughness is the orchestra's and not the recording's. It is important here to use a little-worn or diamond stylus; with a sapphire point that still serves for other microgrooves both piano and orchestra were fuzzy and uneven. The slip referred to is a lamentable alteration in pitch shortly after the beginning of the second movement.

"Leonora No. 3" and the "Messiah," earlier Columbia re-recordings, were faulty in spite of splendor in the latter. Of the eight works mentioned now, only one departs from a steady high quality. The significance must be obvious: LP is becoming standard.

—C. G. BURKE.



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Album Set DGS-2 5 12" Records $14.15

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THE YOUNGER SET

A PROJECT that might well be emulated in other parts of the country has come to our attention by way of the Glen Ridge Library, in New Jersey, where the College Women's Club of Montclair has established a children's loan library of records. There are classics and similar material for the upper graders, correlated with their school studies; for the younger public, a diversified list of material both educational and entertaining. Those who are interested in building collections of this sort are advised that the catalogue of the collection has been published, and may be obtained by writing to the Community Child Study Group, 49 Melrose Place, Montclair, N. J. Marjorie Crumden was the able compiler, and the charge is 35¢ plus postage (5¢).

To the numerous manufacturers of records for the younger set we welcome this month the Lincoln Record Company, which offers two series in the "budget" category, ages two to eight. The Teddy Bear Series is priced at 35¢, the Bobolink records at 25¢, and both are unbreakable. The material is uniformly good, treated with humor and imagination, neatly packaged. Marion Rosette is responsible for the arrangements, with John Jacob Loeb directing the Teddy Bear singers. To simplify matters, I have starred, in the following list, those issues which are most interesting.

Teddy Bear Series

Old MacDonald Had a Farm Hickory Dickory Dock	201*
Row Row Row Your Boat Little Boy Blue	202*
Red River Valley Clementine	204
Home on the Range Working on the Railroad	205
Whoopee-Ti-Yo-Yo Lone Prairie	206*
Lazy Mary Rock-a-Bye Baby	208
Pop Goes the Weasel Pied Piper	211*
Old King Cole Little Red Hen	251

Bobolink Series

Alphabet Song Old Mother Hubbard	351*
Three Blind Mice Elves and the Shoemaker	352
Chicken Licken The Muffin Man	354*
Fisherman and the Flounder Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat	359
Lion and the Mouse Fiddle-de-da	357
Frère Jacques Humpty Dumpty	360*
Ride a Cock Horse Over in the Meadow	361*
Pat a Cake A Trip to New York	362*

From other sources, for the same age groups, Cub records have some interesting material. "Traditional Children's Songs" (Cub 7, 79¢, unbreakable) has "Bow Belina" and "Shoo Fly," a good activity record with dance tunes children will like. It is sung and played by Fred Hellerman, who accompanies himself on the guitar and banjo. Woody Guthrie is the performer in "Wake Up" and "Cleano" (Cub 8, 79¢, unbreakable) for ages two to five, of which the music is rather doleful for this age group. More refreshing is the humor in another Guthrie record (Cub 9, 79¢) of which the titles are "Put Your Finger in the Air" and "Don't Push Me Down." This is particularly recommended for its rhythmic patterns. Finally Cub offers "Nursery Rhymes" (Cub 11, 79¢) sung and played by Cisco Houston, who accompanies himself on the guitar. Note the amusing jackets by Kriesberg.

In the music appreciation department, there is a Young People's Record (No. 1009, $1.39) of a "Rondo" by Von Weber, in which the bassoon is the soloist. Eli Carman is the instrumentalist, playing well against the orchestral background directed by Max Goberman. Parents may note the incidental appearance of the Mozart "Bassoon Concerto" on RCA Victor if the youngster shows an interest in the instrument. As well as being instructive, the music is highly enjoyable, especially in this kind of spirited performance. For the Margaret O'Brien public we note an issue of "Favorite Fairy Tales," covering such items as "Sleeping Beauty" and "The Princess Who Couldn't Laugh" (Capitol Vol. 1, DAS 138, $1.31) and "The Frog Prince" and "Little Red Riding Hood" (Capitol Vol. 2, DAS 143, $1.31). Next in order might be "All's Well That Ends Well," in tribute to young Miss O'Brien's recent experiences. —MARIE L. MUTCH.

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A LANDMARK FOR LANDOWSKA

(Continued from page 49)

an idea. "You know, I believe I might record some Chopin."

It was the piano, strangely enough, which gave original impetus to the recording of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier" now in progress. When the Nazis invaded France in 1940, Landowska had to flee from her home in Saint-Leu-La-Forêt, a small village near Paris which had over the years become an international mecca for musicians. Along with millions of others, Landowska headed south and eventually found herself in Banyuls-sur-Mer, where her friend Aristide Maillol, the sculptor, lived. For a few days Mme. Wanda was lost in dejection. Her precious instruments and library had fallen to the mercy of the German invaders, and there seemed nothing to live for. Then she noticed an old upright piano in the lobby of the *pension* where she had located a room. It was distressingly out of tune, but it made music. Moreover, the landlady had no objection to Landowska's playing at night. Quite the contrary. "It makes me sleep so well," she said. So the famous harpsichordist began to take heart, and soon she was re-studying the "Forty-Eight." The entire harpsichord registration was completed using only the battered upright, and when—two years later—Mme. Wanda arrived in New York and could play the harpsichord once again, she found that nothing had to be changed.

Another incident of the war is apposite to Landowska's new recording of the "Well-Tempered Clavier." Among truckloads of loot which the Nazis carried away from St.-Leu was Landowska's favorite Pleyel harpsichord. Just after the German surrender this instrument was found in Bavaria through the offices of Lt. Doda Conrad, the Polish-French basso and a friend of Mme. Wanda. It was shipped to the rightful owner at once, and it is on her "Doda harpsichord" that RCA Victor's recording of the "Forty-Eight" is being played.

We heard some test pressings of the recording, and they effectually removed any objections we once had to the interpretation of this music on the harpsichord. Many authorities from Forkel and Spitta to Fuller-Maitland and Schweitzer have maintained that the "Forty-Eight" were better suited to the clavichord than the harpsichord. Were they to hear Landowska's interpretation, we wager their opinions would be revised.

The famous harpsichordist makes no secret of her satisfaction with the new recording. "I have been studying Bach for half a century," she explained, "and my records of the 'Forty-Eight' represent the very best I can offer." The first eight preludes and fugues of the "Well-Tempered Clavier" will be released this winter. We suggest that collectors begin laying aside funds for treasures to come.

Collegiate Competition

Those undergraduates whose interest was aroused by the contest announced last month are reminded that the final deadline is August 1. A prize of $100 is being offered for the best article (of approximately 1,500 words) dealing with any subject related to recordings. Contributions should be accompanied by data certifying the collegiate status of the writer and addressed to "Collegiate Competition," RECORDINGS Editor, Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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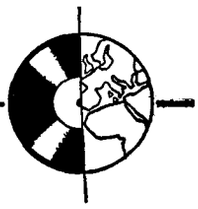

LONDON.

HMV's special birthday tribute to the recent festivities on behalf of Sir Thomas Beecham is entitled "Eighteenth Century Music" and contains the Overture and "Pastoral Symphony" from Handel's "Messiah" (presumably from the complete set, released in the U. S. by RCA Victor, but not yet available over here), a charming and unpretentious little Symphony by Haydn, No. 40 in F major, and a magnificent early work by Mozart, the Divertimento in D major, K.131. Beecham, who gives us subtle and beautifully molded performances of these works, has come in for a good deal of criticism because he includes a Minuet from a later Divertimento in place of one of the two Minuets of K.131. I should like to hear his reasons for this substitution which, on the face of it, seems difficult to justify.

No such doubts assail the reviewer of the really splendid performance by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra of Strauss's "Don Quixote." In contrast to his earlier version with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, which was disappointing, I feel this to be one of the greatest recordings Beecham has ever given us. For the important solo cello part, the fine French cellist Paul Tortelier was imported, with the rather less exacting viola solo most competently handled by Leonard Rubens, the Royal Philharmonic's leading violist. The recording is technically superb and marks a truly notable achievement on the part of all concerned.

Another Strauss tone-poem to be successfully re-recorded is "Death and Transfiguration." Clemens Krauss conducts the London Philharmonic Orchestra on Decca, and proves once again how well he interprets this composer's music. The LPO plays very competently, but the strings lack the kind of opulence the Philadelphia Orchestra used to give us, and without which this composition sounds somewhat faded.

The current visit to this country of the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy has caused Columbia to release a sudden spate of Philadelphia records including the Sibelius Second Symphony and a "Rosenkavalier Suite." While these show an undoubted advance in recording technique over some we have had from the USA during the last few years, there is still, on our best instruments, a noticeable gap between these and the better European recordings. I imagine that contract commitments will make it impossible for the Philadelphians to make records over here; it would have been most interesting to hear what British studios could have done with such an orchestra. In the case, too, of the splendid performance of Brahms's D minor Concerto by Serkin and the Pittsburgh Orchestra, I fear that the rather hard and shallow tone of the recording will prevent it from achieving the popularity merited by the playing.

There are two symphonies that deserve mention, Schubert's "Little" C major, No. 6, which has been charmingly recorded by Decca, and Dvorak's No. 4 in G, which HMV is offering this month. Josef Krips is at his best in the Viennese idiom and he has secured playing of delightful and delicate quality from the London Symphony Orchestra. Dvorak, too, has been entrusted to a fellow countryman of the composer, Rafael Kubelik, who has recently made Britain his domicile. His performance, with the Philharmonia, has great distinction; it is passionate and lyrical in turn and I particularly liked his handling of the Adagio, which is taken a trifle more slowly than by most other conductors. On the debit side it must be said that the orchestral playing is at times somewhat rough, and the strings of the Philharmonia do not produce as lovely a sound as their Czech colleagues. The recording is very full-bodied, though apt to become a little coarse in the loudest passages.

PROKOFIEFF'S full-length ballet "Cinderella" has been packing the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, ever since its first performance last autumn. Now the ROH Orchestra, under Warwick Braithwaite, has given us the first recorded excerpts from this outstanding success, on three Columbia discs. Though the music obviously must lose a good deal out of context, it is still immensely skilful and highly entertaining—full of characteristic touches. This is ballet writing in the grand tradition, and it is well served by a competent performance and excellent recording.

Victor de Sabata conducting the Augusteo Orchestra in the "William Tell" Overture sounds, on paper at least, a sure winner. In fact it has turned out to be, with the exception of some lovely cello playing, a crude performance, poorly recorded.

Berlioz's "Roméo et Juliette" excerpts by Toscanini and the NBC Orchestra have at last been released. Our delight at the glorious performance has been tempered by sadness over the absence of the "Queen Mab Scherzo" (was it not promised for the near future when the set was issued in the U. S. about eighteen months ago?) and by regret at the harsh quality of the sound in the "Ball Scene." It may be said without fear of exaggeration that, for a large number of gramophiles in this country, Studio 8-H has acted as a kind of "iron curtain" between them and any real appreciation of this greatest of conductors. For the last ten years, with the exception of three broadcasts relayed by the BBC from Italy (via bad land-lines) we have had to rely solely on these NBC recordings. Naturally there has been much improvement of late, and some of the "Roméo" music sounds lovely. Yet, surely, is it too much to hope that records will yet be made by Toscanini which will give us something of the glorious tone quality he secures from his players, even in a fortissimo passage?

Another orchestral disc meriting space in this report contains the Overture to Cherubini's opera "Les Deux Journées" ("The Water Carrier"). This infrequently heard piece, which could be taken for some minor Beethoven, is played by the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra which has, within the last two or three seasons, risen from the depths to become one of our best provincial orchestras. The man responsible for this transformation is Rudolf Schwarz, an Austrian musician, whose enterprise and intelligent, progressive leadership have deservedly won much praise. This should be the first of an interesting series of HMV records by this orchestra.

The vocal field is headed by four sides from Kipnis's "Boris Godunov" set, which—in spite of the inevitable comparisons with Chaliapin's great records—have made a deep impression. The excerpts so far available comprise the "Monologue," the Boris-Shuisky Duet, and the "Clock Scene," all from Act II. Like Oliver Twist, we are asking for more. Of the home product, easily the best is Mozart's youthful Motet "Exsultate Jubilate," K.165. While most people will no doubt acquire it for the sake of the famous "Alleluia," the real centerpiece of this composition is the heavenly aria "Tu virginum corona" which occupies just over half of the four sides of Columbia's recording. The singer is Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, perhaps the most sensitive and gifted soprano Europe has produced during the

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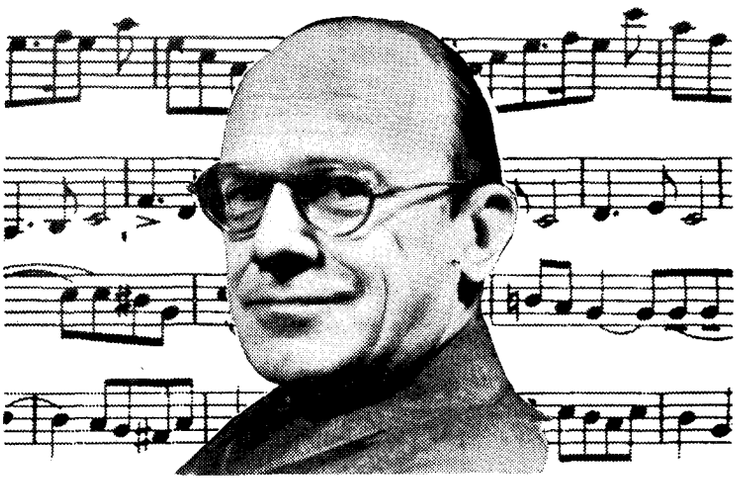
past decade; hers is a performance that delights the ear and touches the heart. The Philharmonia Orchestra under Walter Süsskind supports her well after a slightly shaky start, but the recording is not quite up to the best standard, at any rate on the last side which contains the "Alleluia."

There has been the usual wide selection of operatic excerpts, including the debuts of Zinka Milanov (very impressive), Raoul Jobin (anything but impressive), and Joel Berglund (a welcome addition to the fast-shrinking ranks of the Wagnerians). In addition we have had "Elisabeth's Prayer" from "Tannhäuser" sung by Flagstad, whose voice is too mature and weighty for this part; two Massenet arias, sung rather indifferently by Tagliavini; a record by Giuseppe di Stefano, which shows him a far more attractive tenor than his illustrious compatriot (arias from "Traviata," Act II, and "Manon," Act III); the lovely air "Frühlingsdüfte" from "Idomeneo" by Mozart, exquisitely sung by Erna Berger with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Krips, and finally something right off the beaten track, the charming cavatina "In questo semplice modesto asilo" from the obscure Donizetti opera "Betly," sung with her usual charm by Margherita Carosio.

Four more vocal records conclude this survey; three of them feature German songs and the remaining one contains "Le Soir" and "Les Berceaux" by Fauré, beautifully sung by Pierre Bernac, supported as always by Francis Poulenc. HMV's recording adds to the excellence of this disc. Of four Schubert songs, the most satisfying one turned out to be the comparatively little known "Seligkeit," deliciously sung by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, who gives us "Die Forelle" on the reverse. Irmgard Seefried does not sound completely at ease in "Das Heidenröslein," but she sings the lullaby "Schlafe, schlafe" with a touching simplicity. Columbia's recording is adequate in both cases. A few months ago I mentioned a highly promising baritone, Frederick Fuller, in connection with some Villa-Lobos songs. He now proves his versatility by recording Wolf's setting of Goethe's witty "Epiphanias" backed by two songs from the "Spanish Song-Book": "Auf dem grünen Balkon" and "Ach, des Knaben Augen." It is not often that we find an English singer who manages to master such difficult German songs as completely as this fine artist. He is well accompanied by Daniel Kelly, and HMV—apart from placing him a little too close to the microphone—has served him well in the matter of recording.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.



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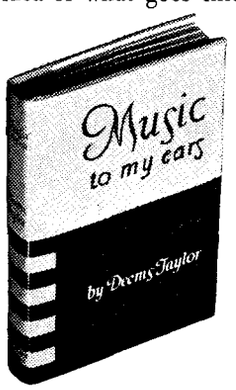

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Some Highs and Lows

IN RE LOW FIDELITY

IT SEEMS a lot of engineers don't like the new slow records much. On the fanciest professional equipment they find numerous faults (though few are of a sort not to be remedied in the continuing shakedown period). There may be distortion in the high range, or tracking is poor; there are overloaded spots, and crackles and hisses, poor transients, and so on. The music, thanks to all this, is not to be enjoyed.

On the other hand, countless people with playing equipment ranging from indifferent to outlandish are obviously enjoying the new records with hardly a qualm. The difference in attitude (as I run into it every day) is striking. Who is to judge the real values in this three-speed era, the engineer or the music lover? If musical enjoyment is the purpose of record playing, then it is too bad that those who are in the best position to get the most music from the new discs are the very ones who obviously are getting the least musical pleasure and the most pain! Something's fishy.

Let me hastily say that this is no philosophical bid for the horse-and-buggy phonograph. High fidelity is here to stay and this is a strictly practical discussion, in terms of presently observable attitudes. High quality reproduction, technical difficulties aside, is obviously preferable to inadequate reproduction. But even if we grant that the headaches we must go through to achieve perfection are simply not worth it for a lot of us—there still remains a confusion. I think it stems from an obstinate (if unconscious) assumption by the engineering mind—that musical pleasure is and ought to be a direct function of the quality of reproduction, that "low" fidelity automatically means low musical satisfaction.

Few would put it just that way, but many technicians simply cannot accept emotionally the idea that poor reproduction can ever be satisfying. For many engineers, home phonograph equipment is so much junk—and this in the face of the obvious enjoyment of recorded music in the home by a good many millions of us.

The plain fact is that listening to music is no mechanical transference of sound but an act of imagination, aided by sounds picked up via the ear's mechanism. Sometimes those sounds are no more than the instigators of mental activity. The mind thrives through imagination. Given half a chance, it delights in supplying all that is lacking in the literal messages of the senses. Given the barest of tonal hints, we may yet experience the most intense musical enjoyment. Unscientific as it may seem, this is the way the mind works and that is the way we listen. And more still, we can remove as well as create. We have in us an astonishingly efficient mental filter that removes from the conscious a host of irrelevant sounds while passing all that is musical essence. These abilities are abetted by still a third, purely physical and hence understandable in engineering terms: the ear, via its own inherent distortion, can actually hear bass tones not physically present in reproduced sound by synthesizing them from their overtones. (Otherwise no table model phonograph could bring us more than the upper half of a musical harmony!)

This can be non-musically illustrated in the telephone—the high toned sibilants, missing in the phoned speech, are supplied with ease by the mind; the bass tones, also entirely absent, we derive and actually hear (as in a man's voice) via their harmonics; and the assorted background wheezes and clicks we remove via the mental filter, thus making whole speech out of a truncation fantastically inadequate by any literal standard. So too with music and with the highly pleasurable effect of much reproduction of the sort that is the engineer's horror!

The disparity in viewpoints can, I think, be reconciled. Take it as a matter of plain work. An active mind rejoices in work; it is the nature of the mind, like the body, to work hard and to benefit from hard work. But work burns energy. Mental effort must be fueled. The recreating and filtering we do so easily takes a high toll of straight mental energy and quickly tires us.

Let's think of high quality reproduction, then, as a legitimate and highly desirable mental luxury, as the streamlined automobile is a physical one. It's easier to ride than to walk and more efficient. Anything the engineers can do to contribute to the greater luxury of our musical life is decidedly all right with us. But let no one assume that we can't walk if we want to. Nor that we won't on a million occasions continue to use our muscles, mental and physical, as God intended. Low fidelity, too, is here to stay, and that is a straight engineering fact.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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"Facade" to What?

WALTON-SITWELL: *"Façade." Edith Sitwell, narrator, with orchestra conducted by Frederick Prausnitz.* (Columbia album 829, $2.95; ML 2047, $3.85.)

I don't know the reasons that impelled Edith Sitwell to call her twenty-odd verses written in 1921 "Façade," but it seems to me a title singularly appropriate for something so external and one-dimensional. The usual sources define a "façade" as the exterior or front of a building, something having "architectural pretensions." I don't know that Miss Sitwell's verses are architectural, but that they have pretensions I will certainly agree.

This may be a ponderously proper view to take of anything so obviously compounded of high spirits and jollity as "Façade"; but when Columbia adds to its learned preface by Sir Osbert Sitwell a disquisition by its vice president in charge of Masterworks, Artists, and Repertoire to the effect that "the riches of 'Façade' are particularly attractive for their elusiveness," I can only say: "Who, indeed, is being ponderous?" I am prepared to deal with an ordinary amount of elusiveness, but you will be a millionaire if you can master the riches of this elusiveness.

Miss Sitwell, with her chocolate tones and dark brown manner, seems to me less a poetess than a hoax. With the qualities of the Walton music—the "Hornpipe," "Polka," "Fandango," "Yodeling Song," "Fox Trot," "Waltz," etc.—many of us are familiar from previous recordings. Others, who hear them for the first time from these records, are sure to share in that pleasure, which would have been greater, I think, had the distracting syllables of the Sitwell's sybillants been subtracted. The musical performance is superior, the reproduction extremely good. —I. K.

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Barnet, Charlie: "O'Henry" and "Easy Living." Capitol 57-592, 79¢.	According to current formula, Barnet mixes one part bop with one part music, and emerges with—one part music. When the big, brassy bop on the first side is done with, the virtuoso Barnet band—one of the best of the day—puts the torch to "Easy Living" and makes it smolder.
Crudup, Arthur: "Gonna Be Some Changes Made." RCA Victor 22-0007, 79¢.	Folk blues singing with the virtues of natural style and informality—unfortunately the performances lack a sharp edge, either harmonic or vocal.
Gaillard, Slim: "Communications." MGM 10442, 63¢.	An additional movement to the ineffable Slim's growing "Industrial" suite, of which "Cement Mixer" and "Motorcycle" were, respectively, first movement and scherzo. This has the air of a finale, with its naive wonder that "Communications—da de da de da da de da" bring the world closer together. Here it has brought Gaillard and his trio wonderfully close to calypso, and with some absorbing consequences. "Serenade to a Poodle," on the other side, is similarly abandoned and with fine doggy results. Both are notably well reproduced.
Gillespie, Dizzy: "Swedish Suite." RCA Victor 20-3457, 79¢.	More intelligible than usual Gillespie in this instrumental side, which adds to more music from him than I am accustomed to hear. However, "I Should Care," on the reverse, reverts to form, with Johnny Hartman's effort to sing a vocal chorus sabotaged by bongas, scrapers, etc.
Lawrence, Elliot: "Gigolette." Columbia 38497, 63¢.	This fine tune is here embellished with a sound that may at first hearing appear to be a mere strangulated soprano, but is actually a "Theremin" operated by Lucie Bigelow Rosen. If and when Mme. Rosen can negotiate "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" I will give the Theremin rank as a musical instrument. Till then, it's just an auditory phenomenon. The performance by the Lawrence band and vocalist Jack Hunter is otherwise fetching. "Elevation," a noisy instrumental, is the overside.
Pickens, Jane: "I Only Have Eyes for You." RCA Victor 20-3548. 79¢.	Sweet and subtle vocalizing by Miss Pickens in a welcome revival of Harry Warren's attractive tune. What happens on the other side shouldn't happen to a dog—even RCA's "Nipper." It's a jam version of "Dixie," in which Miss Pickens is one moment Swiss yodeler, another operatic soprano, and throughout no loyal daughter of the South.
Shore, Dinah: "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair." Columbia 38487, 63¢.	A misguided effort to make a pop tune out of what is merely a gay incident in "South Pacific." Miss Shore, or her arranger, has decided that the way to do it is to cut the tempo in half, slur the rhythm, and otherwise make light of Rodgers's intentions. It don't work. With it is "Kiss Me Sweet," a paean to osculation that leaves me interested but unsatisfied.
Sinatra, Frank: "Do the Huckle Buck." Columbia 38486, 63¢.	A hopeful successor to "Suzi Q," "Black Bottom," "Charleston," and other tunes descriptive of dances—which, however, lacks an engaging tune to provide any excuse for dancing. Sinatra is more at ease in "It Happens Every Spring," a song derived—surprise though it may be—from a film of the same name.
Stafford, Jo: "Smiles." Capitol 57-604, 79¢.	One of the best of the later crop of singers, wasting her talents on a boptinged treatment of this standard, and an all-out boperation: $\frac{\text{"M plus H plus R x 300-00}}{4/4\ aa}$ = Bop." Thank *you*, Mr. Printer.
Stidham, Arbee: "Your Heart Belongs to Me." RCA Victor 22-0000, 79¢.	Deep Southern singing, on the powerful but also the monotonous side. Tough-driving saxes add to the appeal of the background, but better material would be a help all round. The band has more opportunity on "Stidham Jumps," the reverse side.
Williams, Addie: "Maybe Someday." Capitol 57-70010, 79¢.	Here is a really tremulous, pure, affecting voice—one which should enable Miss Williams to be quite a singer in the tenderer blues manner if she could get over a monotony in her phrasing. One way would be for her to absorb the simplicity without the monotony of B. Smith, Empress of the Blues.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

LP Converter

SIR: A few months ago your record department mentioned, and seemed to recommend, a device which could be placed on top of a standard 78 rpm turntable and provide a turntable rotating at 33 1/3 rpm. So far I have not seen any such attachment on the local market. It would be appreciated if you could give me further information in this regard.

C. J. TAYLOR.

Urbana, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The device to which the reader refers is called the "Microverter," and has been available in the New York area for several months. However, the appearance of Columbia's own low-priced LP attachment, with improved tone arm, would seem a preferable solution to the same problem.*

1,000 Club

SIR: I am heartily in favor of your "1,000 Club" for reissues. Let me put in a plug for RCA Victor album 463, Schumann's "Fantasia in C" as played by Wilhelm Backhaus.

HARRY FLETCHER.

Nutley, N. J.

SIR: Please put me down for a reissue of Rachmaninoff's recording of "Carnaval." I have two friends who'd give their eye teeth for it also. Dare we hope?

RUTH ROBINSON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Enthusiasm for a reissue of the Rachmaninoff playing of Schumann's "Carnaval" seems one of the definite trends emerging from our "1,000 Club" suggestion. However, we are still well short of a thousand. Who else wants it? If the "Chants d'Auvergne" and the "Gurrelieder," why not the "Carnaval"? We, too, can hope.*

"Tribal Voices," etc.

SIR: I was greatly interested in the excellent article by Alan Lomax ["Tribal Voices in Many Tongues," June RECORDINGS] and also in your own review of Candelario's "Indian Songs of the Southwest." It occurs to me that you and Mr. Lomax are possibly unaware of the existence of some other fine recordings of American Indian music which should be brought to public notice. I am thinking particularly of some extraordinarily interesting discs issued by Manuel Archuleta in Albuquerque. He started recording Pueblo and Navajo music a few years ago and with his wife organized a company to get these records into the hands of the Indians of this area, who he imagined would be his only customers. But the records, because of the authenticity of performance and the excellence of the recording, quickly caught on . . . and now the local music shops can scarcely keep them in stock. I should like also to enlist your support in persuading RCA Victor to reissue their album P-49, which consists of six ten-inch discs of Southwestern Indian music recorded by Dr. Laura Boulton. These discs also are excellent from the standpoint of authenticity, and their recorded sound is stunning despite their age. They constitute an invaluable contribution to the meager representation on records of this unique and stirring music.

HENRY SHULTZ.

Albuquerque, N. M.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We thank reader Schultz for his information about the Archuleta records, and hope that he acts on his suggestion (not included in the condensation, above, of his letter) that they be forwarded to us for review. We also concur in his opinion of the Laura Boulton records, and are surprised that they are not currently active in the RCA catalogue. Certainly their historic importance would justify such consideration.*

Collegiate Competition

SIR: I am a regular subscriber to *SRL*, so the notice of the coming contest was met with much enthusiasm. My big problem is the question of eligibility. I obtained my bachelor of science degree at Franklin and Marshall and I am now in my second year as a graduate student in organic chemistry at the Pennsylvania State College. I am not an undergraduate, except that I have not been graduated with an advanced degree. I am, however, a student in the college. Furthermore, I expect to continue two more years and obtain my doctor of philosophy degree in chemistry. I hope this makes me eligible.

CLIFFORD HILTON.

State College, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To reader Hilton and others who may be perplexed by similar problems, we offer the advice that there are no legalistic qualifications for participation in our Collegiate Competition. We are interested in sounding the interests of the current campus population in records and will not haggle about their exact status so long as they qualify in a general way. In other words, any persons currently attending colleges, universities, seminaries, or the like are invited to favor us with their opinions about any matters discological (see box page 61).*

SIR: I'm writing especially to compliment *SRL* on the tone of its record reviews in general. The frequent flashes of humor and lightheartedness found therein are a welcome relief from the grim seriousness so often found elsewhere. For, however disheartening the shortcomings of a recording may be, they usually have their amusing aspects. Thank you for remembering this, and keep it up. By the way, consider your May 28 invitation to college students accepted. I'm already hatching ideas!

A. ROBERT NELSON.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We relish the bouquet tendered by Mr. Nelson, but even more the nourishing afterthought. All idea-hatchers are welcome — they might fertilize a few of our brain cells in consequence.*

8H *vs.* Carnegie

SIR: With regard to the NBC recordings of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and the "Pathétique," don't you think it a bit unfair to blame 8H acoustics when they were both made in Carnegie Hall?

JOHN CLARK.

Ridgefield, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In both these instances, the borderline character of sound impelled us to inquire of RCA sources where the records were made. The information was printed as given; but, we are now informed, there was a misunderstanding—either on our part or that of the "source." We shall, in the future, solicit such information in writing.*

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
BERKELEY, CALIF. (*Berkeley Music House*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Freischütz-Welitsch (C)	Forza del Destino (Cet-LP)
BIRMINGHAM (*Stairway to Music*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Le Cor (C)	Salome (C-LP)
BOSTON (*Boston Music Co.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Because (RCA)	Salome (C)
(*Mosher Music Co.*)	You're Breaking My Heart (M)	South Pacific (C)	Dream of Olwen (C)	Salome (C)
CHICAGO (*Hudson-Ross, Inc.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Nutcracker Suite (RCA)
CINCINNATI (*Steinberg's, Inc.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	I Vespri, Overture (CT)	Salome (C)
DALLAS (*The Record Shop*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Bluebird (RCA)	Forza del Destino (Cet-LP)
(*Whittle Music Co.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Student Prince, Serenade (RCA)	Saint-Saëns Concerto #2
DETROIT (*Campus Record Shop*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Alceste, Overture (CT)	Salome (C)
(*Doubleday Book Shops*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Mozart Requiem (Cet-LP)
KANSAS CITY (*Jenkins Music Co.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	Kiss Me, Kate (Cap)	Warsaw Concerto (RCA)	South Pacific (C)
LOS ANGELES (*J. W. Robinson Co.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Freischütz-Welitsch (C)	South Pacific (C)
MEMPHIS (*Words & Music*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Freischütz-Welitsch (C)	Erna Sack (M-LP)
MINNEAPOLIS (*Don Leary's, Inc.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Encores (RCA)
NASHVILLE (*MU Sound System*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Hamlet (RCA)
NEW ORLEANS (*Van Husen Music Co.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Freischütz-Welitsch (C)	
NEW YORK (*Doubleday Book Shops*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Bachianas (C)	Salome (C-LP)
(*Dynamic*)	Baby, It's Cold (C)	South Pacific (C)	Freischütz-Welitsch (C)	Salome (C)
(*Sam Goody*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Bachianas (C)	Salome (C)
(*Heins & Bolet*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	O Promise Me (RCA)	Salome (C)
(*Rabson's*)	Bali Ha'i (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Dowland-Schiotz (RCA)	Mozart Bassoon Concerto (RCA)
OMAHA (*Lyon & Healy, Inc.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Liszt Concerto #1 (RCA)
PHILADELPHIA (*Jacobs Bros.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Sensemaya (RCA)	Beethoven Piano Society Vol. 9 (HMV)
(*The Record Shop*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Frühlingsstimmen (CT)	Salome (C)
PORTLAND, ORE. (*Sherman Clay & Co.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Jealousy (RCA)	South Pacific (C)
ST. LOUIS (*Doubleday Book Shops*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Lord's Prayer (C)	Nutcracker Suite (C)
WASHINGTON, D. C. (*Brentano's*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Rosenkavalier Waltzes (RCA)	Pictures at an Exhibition (RCA)

Compiled as of June 8, 1949.

Key: C—Columbia Cap—Capitol Cet—Cetra CT—Capitol-Telefunken HMV—His Master's Voice M—Mercury RCA—RCA Victor

Leaders: Two overwhelming favorites dominate the popular record categories. Vaughn Monroe's "Riders in the Sky" has garnered all but three of the votes cast in the single column, while the original-cast "South Pacific" makes almost a clean sweep among the albums, the one dissent coming from Minneapolis. Note, however, that some dealers list "South Pacific" in the longhair division. Coming to the more standard classical items, it is definitely a Ljuba Welitsch month. The Bulgarian soprano is represented in the single category five times with the aria from "Der Freischütz," in the album category nine times with the final scene from "Salome."

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"Because" – Teschemacher-d'Hardelot – Jan Peerce, Tenor. *49-0135.*

"Clair De Lune" (No. 3 from "Suite Bergamasque")–Debussy–Jose Iturbi, Pianist. *49-0176.*

"Donkey Serenade, The" (Wright-Forrest-Friml-Stothart)–Allan Jones, Tenor. *49-0201.*

"Egmont: Overture" Op. 84 – Beethoven – Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor. *49-0304.*

"Guaracha" (Latin-American Symphonette: Third Movement) – Gould – Arthur Whittemore and Jack Lowe, Duo-Pianists. *49-0139.*

"Italian Street Song"–Young-Herbert–Jeanette MacDonald, Soprano. *49-0140.*

"Malaguena"–Lecuona–The First Piano Quartet. *49-0317.*

"Meistersinger, Die: Act I, Scene 3, Am Stillen Herd"–Wagner – Set Svanholm, Tenor. *49-0285.*

"Panis Angelicus"–Franck – James Melton, Tenor, with the RCA Victor Orchestra, Frank Black, Conductor. *49-0309.*

"Prelude in C Sharp Minor," Op. 3, No. 2–Rachmaninoff–William Kapell, Pianist. *49-0264.*

"Symphony No. 5 in E Minor," Op. 64 Themes from Second Movement: Andante Cantabile (Tchaikovsky)–Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra. *49-0296.*

"Valse Bluette" (Drigo-Trans. Heifetz)–Jascha Heifetz, Violinist. *49-0278.*

"Warsaw Concerto" (Addinsell)–Leo Litwin, Pianist, with the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler, Conductor. *49-0252.*

* * *

"You and the Night and the Music"–Tony Martin, Voc., with Earle Hagen and his Orchestra. *WP-203.*

"Alice Blue Gown"–Waltz–Wayne King and his Orchestra. *47-2718.*

"Bugle Call Rag"–Glenn Miller and his Orchestra. *47-2877.*

"Cowboy Classics"–Sons of the Pioneers. *WP-168.*

"I Want A Girl" (V.R.)–Sammy Kaye and his Orchestra. *47-2810.*

"Moon Love" (V.R.)–Vaughn Monroe and his Orchestra. *47-2726.*

"Shine On Harvest Moon" (V.R.)–Vaughn Monroe and his Orchestra. *47-2725.*

"Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"–Waltz–Wayne King and his Orchestra. *47-2718.*

* * *

"Cinderella" (Rogow-Provost-Martin)–Jeanette MacDonald. *WY-327.*

"Peter Churchmouse" (Austin-Rene) – Paul Wing. *WY-329.*

"Rumpelstiltskin"–(Martin-Rogow-Provost)–Roland Winters. *WY-354.*

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